

Sports Illustrated

January 15, 1980

36 CENTS

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Into tough Turn Six. I slip down into second gear. The synchros and linkage are so slick. The revs soar, the horses kick up their heels.

A second later, I'm halfway down the short chute to Turn 7, toeing the front discs, hanging it all out through the sharp reverse camber.

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long back straight suddenly stretches before me. Now we'll see what flat-out means to Datsun! 100 in third gear. I check the dials. Everything normal. 110 in fourth.

Still all systems "Go!" with the engine and tires singing a sweet duet. Now, fifth, with the revs and speed rising again. A long pull. There goes the Champion Bridge over my head, in this cruising gear the tach would never get to 7000. But the speedometer says 124 and we must be hitting at least 120. Plenty fast for me!

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Sure. I took another lap. Several of them, collecting thrills and a few tidbits you'll never read in Competition Press. But the radio plays at over 100, and you can hear it, too. The engine is turning about 4 grand at that speed in fifth, and with the thermostat fan running free, the quiet up front is uncanny.

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DATSUN

THE TRACK STAR!

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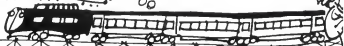
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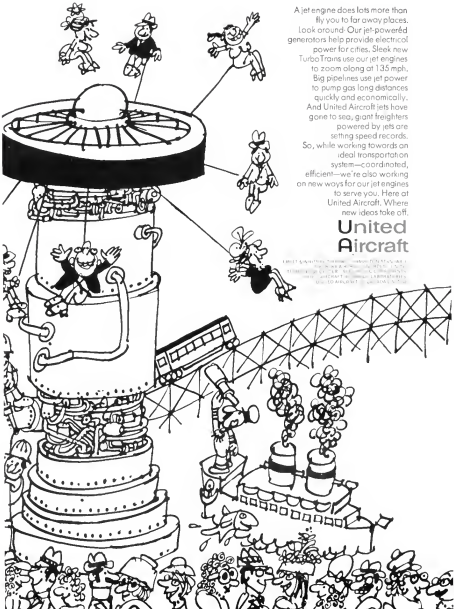
HENRY AARON has not been on a permanent winner since 1958, and for the first time since they moved to Atlanta, his Braves are in the race. William Leggett visits the tepee.

ZIGZAG IN OR ZEEING OUT, pro football's receivers are the game's most spectacular performers. Walter Iorns Jr. depicts the sport's stars in six pages of color photographs.

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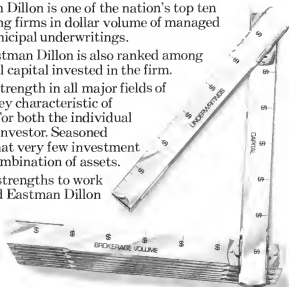
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SCORECARD

LET TV BE YOUR GUIDE

Merrill Panitt, editor of *TV Guide* and a man who knows where the dollars and cents are in television, thinks the NCAA is all wrong in its football-on-TV policy. The NCAA makes up its TV schedule before the season begins, rather than wait to see which game each week shapes up as the liveliest attraction. It does this so that the telecasts can be distributed equitably among NCAA members and thus be, so to speak, a showcase for both college football and the colleges themselves.

Panitt argues that this policy is hurting college football, relatively speaking, and that interest in the college game should be much higher than it is. He cites all sorts of figures to prove this (example: 75 colleges have dropped football), but his clincher is that the NCAA will get \$12 million a year for its TV contract, compared to the NFL's \$25 million. The reason for this vast difference, he says, is simply that more people watch NFL games than NCAA games, even though college football has great appeal (the notes that when ABC exercised its "wild card" option last year and televised USC-Notre Dame, the game drew the largest TV audience of any regular-season football game ever, pro or college, and that the Rose Bowl, which by happy coincidence matched the two best teams in the country, had a better rating than the Sugar Bowl).

Panitt feels that as long as the NCAA is involved with commercial television, it could enhance college football by going all-out for TV money, instead of loafing along at half-speed. Select the game to be telecast five days in advance instead of five months. Look into the possibility of playing and telecasting games at night, to avoid conflict with stadium attendance in the afternoon. Start a post-season playoff to determine the national champion "and charge the TV people a fortune to carry it." Put on the best show possible and get full value for it.

Maybe he's right. Then again, col-

lege football is more than USC vs. Notre Dame maximum ratings every week, the top dollar. Sometimes you can't sell tradition, but it is kind of nice to see it on TV once in awhile.

DUM-DUM DUM DUM DUM

Robert A. Brown of Cody, Wyo. has invented an ashtray that can be attached to a riding saddle (U.S. Patent No. 3,457,702). This should relieve conservation-minded Smokey the Bear fans, who have been worrying about all those cigarette butts the Marlboro cowboy gets rid of out in the wild country.

FAT TEAM

Whether the NCAA's television policy is good or bad doesn't seem to matter to Ohio State. The Buckeyes have led the country's college football teams an average attendance per game for 11 straight years and for 17 of the last 18. The ease with which the big stadium—it seats 81,455—is sold out is the envy of virtually every other college team in the land and most pro teams, too.

This season, for example, after reserving a substantial block of seats for faculty, staff and students, Ohio State put its season-ticket books (for the five home games) on sale June 1. It distributed applications to priority groups such as alumni and longtime ticket holders, with a deadline of 30 days for applications to be returned. By June 12, every available ticket had been sold.

A howl of anguish immediately went up from almost 10,000 applicants who had been shut out, even though they had sent their applications in well before deadline. But after last season, when Ohio State was unbeaten (10-0) as it won Big Ten, Rose Bowl and national championships, the demand for tickets was extraordinary. And when they were gone, there was nothing Ohio State could do. It has been proposed, usually by those who have tried vainly to get tickets, that the open end of the Ohio Stadium be closed in with new grandstands

But Athletic Director Dick Larkins says, "There is no point in adding bad seats," and, anticipating other arguments, the faculty council flatly states that nothing would be solved by adding an extra game to the schedule.

The discontent could conceivably cause Ohio State difficulty in the future if it runs into a couple of lean years on the field, but right now the whole thing is the kind of problem a college can enjoy.

WITHOUT A SCOREBOARD

The National Brewing Company, majority stockholder of the Baltimore Orioles, nowadays does not bid high enough to get the advertising space on Baltimore's municipally owned Memorial Stadium scoreboard.

Jerold C. Hoffberger, president of the brewery and board chairman of the Orioles, is unperturbed that brewing competitors have been presenting their messages to baseball fans since 1957.

"If they think it's worth that much, more power to them," Hoffberger said, with no particular concern, when the F & M Schaefer Brewing Company out-



bid National. "They'll just have to sell that much more beer."

What Hoffberger well knows is that operation of the Memorial Stadium scoreboard is so erratic that only the strong of will can bear to look in its direction for long. The Baltimore scoreboard does not explode, belch flame or roar like a passing train. It just sits there and fizzles, no matter what the operator tries to make it do. Some panels re-

man blank. Sometimes numbers are superimposed or cannot be read because only some of the bulbs are lighted.

The trouble, apparently, is not bulbs or fuses or overdue bills. It is squirrels. The bushy-tailed rodents get in the scoreboard and for some reason known only to them and nature, chew on the wires, cutting them, shorting them out and causing strange things to happen, or not to happen.

For instance, after seven innings of play in Houston, the score was presented as Houston 9, Cincinnati 4, which apparently means the Reds trailed in runs but led in dots. Earlier this season the lights in the "outs" panel didn't work, and those totals were transferred to a space usually reserved to flash numbers explaining official scorers' decisions. At the time of baseball's earlier expansion in 1961 a miniscoreboard was set up alongside the outmoded larger structure to allow all nine out-of-town scores to be posted. But nothing has been done about the 1969 expansion. Two National League scores are omitted when there is a full schedule because there just isn't any room.

City officials are hoping to install a new \$1 million squirrel-proof scoreboard some day. Meanwhile, Hoffberger knows what he's bidding on.

PEACE CONFERENCE

Fairly substantial rumors have been popping around Los Angeles that the warring pro basketball leagues are about to follow the lead of pro football and announce a merger, possibly within a month. Paul Caruso, a Beverly Hills attorney who is also counsel for the ABA's Los Angeles Stars, was approached by three NBA owners—reportedly Sam Schulman of the Seattle Superersons, Dick Bloch of the Phoenix Suns and Franklin Mieuli of the San Francisco Warriors—and asked to present the merger idea to the ABA's executive committee. The NBA trio proposed two separate leagues with a common draft and, after the ABA has been upgraded to the level of the NBA, a championship playoff or Super Hooper Bowl (SCORECARD, May 19). The Stars and the Oakland Oaks would relocate to avoid conflict in Los Angeles with the Lakers and in the San Francisco area with the Warriors. Each ABA club would pay a \$500,000 indemnity to the NBA.

Jim Gardner, president of the ABA,

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

denied the merger report, and Walter Kennedy, NBA commissioner, said he had no knowledge of any meeting. Jim Hardy, general manager of the Stars, and Alex Hannum, general manager of the Oaks, insisted that neither team will move. But Caruso confirmed that the meeting took place.

"I'm disturbed that it's out," he said. "There have been some tentative discussions, but nothing is firming up. No meetings are planned for the immediate future, but we hope to get something started real soon."

HELL HATH NO FURY

I honor Kaite as a New York City sports-writer. Her specialty is professional football. After the New York Jets and the New York Giants scheduled a preseason exhibition game at the Yale Bowl—the first meeting ever between New York's two pro teams—Miss Kaite, a regular habitue of pro football press boxes, applied for working-press credentials.

Her routine request stirred up a storm. Impossible, she was told. Women are not allowed in the Yale Bowl press box. The reasons were vague. Tradition and all that. Or the fact that there is only one rest room and it is for men. (Miss Kaite replied, tartly, "I didn't ask to go to the john. I just want to sit in the press box.")

Miss Kaite has threatened to sue for full credentials to the game, which is to be played on August 17, and she seems to have a case. There is a precedent. In April 1954 a prepublication issue of this magazine ran an item about a girl named Ann Morrissey, who had made history of a sort by becoming the first girl sports editor of the *Cornell Daily Sun*. That fall Miss Morrissey (now Mrs. Wendel S. Merick) made even more of a stir when on October 17 she drew herself up to her full 5' 2" and marched into the Yale Bowl press box to cover the Yale-Cornell game. Cornell lost 47-21, but Miss Morrissey didn't, and we have a feeling Miss Kaite won't, either.

GONE FISHING

On the off-chance that there is still someone out there who has not yet made his vacation plans, we pass along this really fun fishing trip that Pan Am has worked up with a Chicago travel agency. First, everything is provided: accommodations, all meals and ground transportation, fishing licenses, all tackle,

guides and boats. And off you go on the trail of trout in Ireland, salmon in Norway, on to Yugoslavia for huchen, dry-fly fishing in Austria; over to Mozambique for black marlin, then to New Zealand and Paraguay for trout and Ecuador for striped marlin; on to Costa Rica, Mexico and Nicaragua for tarpon, a bit of bonefishing in British Honduras, back to Canada for lake trout and big muskies, then home again.

As any vacationer knows, timing is everything. The travel agency figures that, with any luck at all, the trip can be made in 33 weeks. Air fare comes to \$2,585.75. And, let's see, now, adding that to the agency's price, it brings the total trip to \$33,763.75. Per person, of course.

Then there is the 316-foot yacht *Antares*, which once belonged to dictator Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, among others. It has a 55-man crew, 31 sails (34,000 square feet), 12 double staterooms, eight of them with fireplaces, and gold-plated fixtures in the marble-paneled bathrooms.

You may charter the *Antares* for \$7,800 a day, although Bob Fisher, vice-president of the yacht brokerage firm of Northrop and Johnson, adds that, "Of course, for longer trips, we make downward adjustments."

SALES NOTE

The Athletic Goods Manufacturers Association reports that of the \$384 million spent for sporting goods last year, almost half—\$187 million—was spent on golf equipment.

THEY SAID IT

- Dick Radatz, 6' 6", 265-pound Montreal Expo pitcher, to 5' 6", 165-pound Freddie Patek, Pittsburgh Pirate shortstop, at the beginning of a fight between the Expos and the Pirates: "I'll take you and a player to be named later."
- Gerry Philton, New York Jets end, on the emotional statements of some teammates that they would not play this year if Joe Namath did not: "George Sauer said he'd rather dig ditches. Right away I knew that George had never dug ditches."
- Vince Lombardi, Washington Redskins coach, after a TV crew moved too close while he was talking privately to Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen at training camp: "You guys would stick that equipment in a coffin."

END

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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 11, 1999

THE ROOKIES GIVE IT A SHOT



The College All-Stars overcame their awe of the Jets—and even of Joe Willie—and in a surprising second half nearly scored an upset

by PAT PUTNAM

I took the 1969 College All-Stars just 30 minutes last Friday night to discover that Super Bowl champions are human, the New York Jets included. Verlen Biggs may weigh 270 pounds, but when he knocks you down it only hurts a little. And who said Winston Hill has fangs? Or that the Jets got Gerry Phibbs in a trade with the Mafia? And, as Jimmy Marsalis, the gritty defensive back from Tennessee State, pointed out at halftime, Joe Namath (*see cover*) may be, well, Joe Namath, but even he can't do much if you grab his receivers before they grab the ball—about three seconds before. "They're nothing but a bunch of fat old men," growled Running Back Ed Podolak.

And so, lifted by the knowledge that the Jets are, indeed, mortal—although still not convinced that Namath, with a glance, couldn't turn them all to salt—the All-Stars went out in the second half and scared the life out of the champions of pro football. "We won, didn't we?" snapped the Jets when it was over. Yes, but only by 26-24, and only with the help of an official who became confused by the game's blending of pro and college rules and nullified a legitimate All-Star touchdown.

The official red-flagged the touchdown in the third period after Rudy Redmond intercepted a Namath pass, fell down without being touched, got up and ran 34 yards to the end zone. Under All-Star Game rules a runner who falls in the open without having made contact with a defensive player may get up and go on. Instead, the ball was brought back to the point of interception and the All-Stars eventually settled for a field goal. By any standard, pro or collegiate, three points is not seven, especially when you lose by two.

"The official admitted later that he was wrong," said Otto Graham, the All-Star coach and sometime sparring partner for Johnny Sample. "Nobody touched our kid."

At the time the score was 16-7 Jets, and it gave promise that this might become something other than Chicago's annual 60-minute exercise in boredom.

Some 74,000 fans had turned out, but more to see Namath than a football game, and few in this NFL town dared hope that the Jets would fall on their AFL face masks. The bookies had said they wouldn't, and probably not by 17 points.

"Oh, is that the spread?" Weeb Ewbank, the Jet coach, had asked the afternoon of the game. "I don't read the papers so I didn't know. Besides, I don't care about point spreads."

Someone noted that if it was 17, then the oddsmen were giving the All-Stars a better shot at the Jets than they gave the Jets in the Super Bowl. The Colts were favored by 19 in that one.

"Oh, is that so," snapped Ewbank, suddenly caring a little. "Well, we'll just see how often they get to Namath. That's what we'll see. This is a damn important game to us. More important than the Giant exhibition. Sure we want to beat the Giants, but we want to beat the All-Stars a lot more. Let's face it: we don't want to come in here and lay an egg like some NFL teams have. And this isn't just for the Jets but for all pro football. And if any of our guys don't feel the same way, I don't know about it."

The Jets had practiced for the game at their training camp at Hofstra University on Long Island, N.Y., waiting until late Thursday afternoon to fly to Chicago on a charter. That evening they worked out briefly under the dim lights at Soldier Field—"50-watt bulbs," said one player—grumbled about the poor condition of the turf, then disappeared into their hotel rooms. Crowds milled around in the lobby hoping to catch a glimpse of Namath, but he remained in seclusion until the team left by bus for the game at 4:30 the next afternoon.

Meanwhile, in suburban Evanston, home of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and definitely not a toddler town, the All-Stars sat around their hotel and wondered why they were there. Graham, coaching his ninth such game, had acted like a regular Vince Lombardi: two-a-day practices for three straight weeks. Drills were scheduled to last 90 minutes but many ran over two hours. There were no fat All-Stars. Stung by his recent firing by the Washington Redskins, Graham, though he never admit-

continued

Namath was well protected most of the time, but the All-Stars availed the exception.





A ref's decision triggered Namath's temper



The All-Stars had a No. 11, too—Greg Cook

ted it publicly, was looking for vindication through victory. "Oh, yes," said a close friend. "I believe he did mention something about showing those monkeys."

Curfew was 11 p.m. In the past, Graham was known to forgo first offenders, who usually numbered between 25 and 30. This time the first offenders—and there were only three—spent 30 minutes after practice rolling around in a whistle drill that left them gasping for breath. No more missed curfews.

"Most of these guys don't even want to be here," said Podolak, a starkly frank halfback from Iowa who must beat out Mike Garrett to win a job at Kansas City. "I sure didn't want to play in this game. I asked Coach Hank Stram to get me out. I asked other people. And they did. I was already in the Chiefs' camp. But because Simpson and Keves and Ron Johnson didn't show up, they called me. And you don't have much choice."

The wrong choice can produce a fan from exhibition games.

"I guess I'm disappointed," continued Podolak, who, upon his late arrival, was given the locker originally assigned Simpson. He immediately nicknamed himself O. J. Podolak. "I feel it's a great honor to play in this game. But it's not practical, especially when you have to go up against a former Heisman Trophy winner on your own team to win a position."

When he arrived in Evanston, Terry Hanratty, the Notre Dame quarterback who would not have a good night against the Jets, didn't expect to stay. He brought only two shirts, two pairs of slacks. Because of a recent knee operation, the Steelers, who drafted him, told him he would flunk the All-Star physical. He didn't, so there he was—no clothes, only a Steelers play book to console him. "I was really psyched to go to camp. I was spending time every night calling plays. But then..." He laughed. "I've adjusted. I'm happy to be here."

"It's an honor," repeated Jim Seymour, the Notre Dame receiver who just learned he'll report to an Army camp, not to the Rams. Then he grinned. "But it's a yes and no honor, since you'd rather not be here. But I guess we all like the idea of a shot at the champion, at Joe Namath. We might never get another chance."

And they took their shot, although

in the first half, with Hanratty, then Kansas' Bob Douglass, and finally Greg Cook of Cincinnati failing at quarterback, it looked as though it was to be a blank.

Hanratty had won the starting role by flipping a coin with Cook. Graham had told Douglass early in the camp that he couldn't throw as well as those other two fellows, and the southpaw didn't get to flip for the honor.

It didn't really matter by halftime all three failed equally. In the first two periods the rookies managed one first down on a penalty, seven yards gained passing, 12 rushing and had lost 59 yards through penalties. Perhaps all had been afflicted by what Fred Dyer feared the most. "There's a certain fascination in the thought of going against Namath," said the big defensive end from San Diego State (Knights). "I'm afraid I may just stand there and stare at him for a few plays."

Whatever the Stars' problem, Namath, although somewhat rusty from a six-month layoff and with less than two weeks of practice, had little trouble moving the Jets. Except into the end zone. In that half, Joe went 10 for 19 for 198 yards and the Jets added 90 more running. But they scored only one touchdown on a three-yard run by Matt Snell, and two field goals by Jim Turner. Once they even stalled inside the rookies' three after arriving there with a first down. Still, they led 13-0, and that looked like 12 more points than they would need.

But the rookies spent the rest period wisely. First they congratulated themselves on still being alive, and they took note that hardly anyone was bloody. Then one player offered a startling discovery. "You know," he said, "during one time-out I was just standing around so I started counting Biggs' arms and legs. You know what he's only got two of each." And, he informed everyone, he had counted twice to make sure. It was, as Seymour would say later, the collective realization that professionals are human, too.

I've seen Namath!

"Well, no, not Namath," said Podolak, with a cheerful grin. "You know He's God."

"You can say that again," said Ron Fritchard, the excellent linebacker from Arizona State who is moving on to the Oilers. "One time we had a hilt and I

know I didn't give it away. But Namath picked it up. Before I even hit the line of scrimmage Pete Lammons was in behind me and Namath had the ball to him. He reads, man, he reads."

No longer awed by the Jets, the Stars went out in the second half to play their game. Althe Taylor got it going with a 78-yard return of a kickoff after the Jets had made it 16-0 on Turner's third field goal. Then Cook, who had completed but one pass for four yards in the first half, found himself. "He surprised us," said Podolak. "All of a sudden he seemed to get loose. The whole picture of what was happening snapped into his mind. It was there and he called some beautiful plays."

Three of the plays were touchdown passes. 17 yards to Gene Washington of Stanford (49ers); 12 yards to Bob Klein of USC (Rams); and then, with 16 seconds to play, 19 yards to Jerry Levas of SMU (Oilers). Those, with Roy Gerela's 28-yard field goal after the aborted touchdown, were all the clock would allow.

The Jets, in the meantime, had matched their first-half output, again getting a touchdown from Snell, this on a pretty 35-yard run, and a fourth field goal by Turner. Namath completed seven of 13 for 94 yards before leaving with five minutes to play. He wasn't all that happy with his performance.

"I had some receivers open and I overthrew them," he said later, with some disgust. Then, shrugging, he added, "But we won, and that's what counts. We've got five exhibitions to go and we'll be ready when the season opens."

Best of all, the knees took several savage raps yet held up beautifully. "I just wish," he said, "I could come out of all the games feeling as good as I do now."

Namath even fared better than Graham, who, after an argument with Sample, came away with a cut on the bridge of his nose. Their quarrel was not new. They have been battling since 1958, when Sample was on the All-Stars and Graham didn't let him play until the last three minutes. Then Otto wrote Elbank, who was coaching at Baltimore, and said Sample would never make it as a pro.

The latest incident was touched off in the fourth quarter when Sample raised a mouse under Washington's left eye. "It was a right cross," said Washington. On the next play, Graham thought he detected Sample clotheslining Washing-



When Matt Snell tried to hurdle for a touchdown, Bill Bergey of the All-Stars carried the day.

ton and he protested to the officials. Sample dropped by to mention that Graham was, among other things, a bum, a lousy coach and stupid. Demanding equal time, Graham rushed out onto the field and, while no one is sure who fired first, Graham got off several punches to Sample's helmet, which is not the best move he could have made, and the Jet cornerback either led or countered by driving his helmet into Graham's nose. The officials decided the Stars should be penalized 15 yards.

Undaunted, Cook dropped back, watched Levas race into the end zone five yards ahead of Sample and threw to his speedy little receiver for a touchdown. Seconds later, after a futile on-

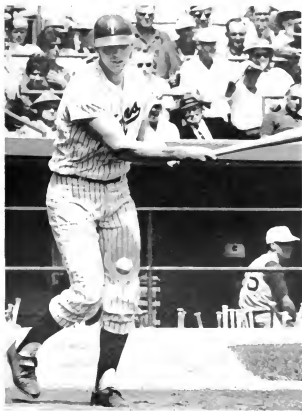
side kick, the game was over and both teams were in their dressing rooms.

It had been a curious game. The All-Stars, even though minus Simpson, Keyes and the rest, had been impressive. Surely Greg Cook, Althe Taylor, Jerry Levas, Gene Washington, Jimmy Mar-salis, the defensive back, and Roy Gerela, the field-goal kicker, will be heard from again, many of them this season.

And so will Joe Namath. O.K., so he didn't complete any touchdown passes. But he did lead the Jets to victory, just as he did last January, and anyone who is pleased to believe he didn't look as sharp as he did on that memorable afternoon in Miami would be wise to check him again when the season starts. **END**

Rx: A DH FACTOR FOR BASEBALL ILLS

A minor-league experiment that permits a permanent pinch-hitter to bat for the pitcher has put more pep into the offense **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



DHs would spare fans such antics as these by Dean Chance, the classic good-pitch, no-hit.

Football decided to liven up its offense was back in 1911, when Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne showed that a ball could indeed be thrown overhand in the air from one man to another. The purists screamed, though no harder, perhaps, than they did in 1954 when the National Basketball Association instituted a 24-second clock that literally saved the game. This year baseball took a couple of timid steps in the same liberating direction. One was the lowering of the pitchers' mound. Another was a tightening of the strike zone. Both brought a few agonized cries (mostly from pitchers), but they have helped revive the game (SI, Aug. 4). Last week a survey of a third experiment—thus far limited to the minors—produced even more encouraging news: the Designated Hitter is shaking up the game.

Call it the DH Factor. It is a remedy to spare us all the agony of watching pitchers take three futile swings or mess up a simple hunt attempt every time they slink to the plate. The DH—for Designated Hitter—is a special man in the lineup who takes the field only to bat in the pitcher's position. Baseball authorized the International League to employ this innovation on a trial basis this season, and so far—after 2,500 appearances of DHs—the figures show that not only is the hitting improved, but the pitchers last through more complete games and the fans get more action. The use of Designated Hitters has cut as much as 10 minutes off the average time of games.

Baseball's more conservative elements are already on record with the opinion that the rule takes strategy away from the game and thwarts the development of some pitchers, since the starters—who do not have to be removed for a pinch hitter—stay around longer. Many others, however, are already high on the new rule, and may soon force the majors to consider using DHs in American and National League games.

Harry Dalton, the young general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, is conducting a survey among International League managers, writers and fans, and if the results are favorable, Baltimore could be a strong advocate for major league DHs. The Orioles have the most progressive organization in the game, but they do not draw well at the gate, so Baltimore would be a natural leader in trying to institute changes

that will brighten up the offense.

Reduced to its simplest, the Designated Hitter rule specifies that before a game starts the manager name one hitter to bat in the place of the pitcher. Although ninth place is the position where the DH is usually put, he can be listed anywhere. Once in that spot, however, he is locked into it, although if the manager wants to play the lefty-righty percentages he may pinch-hit for his DH, and then the pinch-hitter stays in the game as the new DH.

George Sisler Jr., the forward-thinking president of the International League, is sold on the idea for baseball's future. Sisler says he would recommend the new rule to the majors. "It has done exactly what we had in mind," he says. "That is, it has put more offense into the game. There is no question that our games are more interesting, because now there is constant pressure and suspense since there is no weak spot in the lineup."

In 366 of the first 404 games played in the International this year the DH made a hit, scored a run or batted one in. The league's DHs are batting .270, and few major league pitchers have ever even approached that neighborhood. The top-hitting pitchers last year were Jim Lomborg of the Red Sox at .282 and Jim Maloney of the Reds at .243, but the bulk of the pitchers are closer to the other extreme, down to the depths of Dean Chance who has been .026, .033 and .054 the last three seasons.

"The rule has caught on in popularity with the fans," Sisler says. "By having a Designated Hitter and by allowing the starting pitcher to stay in the game longer, we are giving the fans the best talent we have at all times."

One of the more interesting personalities involved in the Designated Hitter experiment is Dave Campbell, a 26-year-old left-handed hitter for the Rochester Red Wings, the Orioles' top farm club. Playing for Elmira in the Eastern League last season, Campbell hit only .231, with 43 runs driven in and five homers. Cal Ripken, now the Rochester manager after working at Elmira last year, has used Campbell as his DH for a variety of reasons. "Jans hit a lot of balls really hard in the Eastern League last year," Ripken says, "balls that would have been doubles or homers in the International League, because there is a big difference in the size of the parks.

When I realized that the Designated Hitter rule was going to be used this season, I thought of Campbell. I prefer to use the Designated Hitter in the nine hole to put more punch in the bottom of the hitting order. During one two-week period when the rest of our lineup was going bad, those three men down at the bottom were carrying the club."

For two weeks Campbell pounded the ball better than he ever had, hitting .377. A rugged, good-looking athlete from Harrisville, S.C., Campbell began to attract a special fame as a DH. He vaulted up among the league's top hitters and is still second in runs batted in on a club that has some good prospects.

"Being the Designated Hitter," Campbell said last week at Silver Stadium in Rochester, "made me start to think a little more about hitting. If the pitcher got me the first time I could go back to the bench and think about how he had done it and what I had done wrong. Because I didn't have to go out and play in the field the idea of hitting was more on my mind. I had never done much pinch-hitting, but I know it's different. With the Designated Hitter rule you go up to bat and know that if you don't get a hit the first time up that you are still going to get two or three more chances."

Campbell's productive bat, a series of injuries and military commitments have recently forced him into the defensive starting lineup at first base, and he has already noticed the difference. "When I was the Designated Hitter I trained myself differently before the games," he says. "I would run enough to get myself into a good sweat so that I would be loose and not all tied up when I went up to hit. Maybe the job was easier and more of a mental thing, but since I've been starting I haven't been hitting the ball as well."

Last week Lee MacPhail, the general manager of the New York Yankees and one of the men who pushed hard for the DH trial, was sitting in his office at Yankee Stadium looking over statistics from the International League. "Obviously," MacPhail said, "the Designated Hitter has had some effect, and part of it can be seen in the pitching statistics. The ratio of hits to innings pitched is higher—much higher—than it was last year. The idea of the rule was that it would serve as an experiment so that we had something in reserve to study in

case the defense continued to hold an edge over the offense."

"The swing back to offense so far has been fine, but I want to analyze the full statistics at the end of the season. The question remains: Has the hitting been helped so much by the lower mound and the smaller strike zone, or has expansion really been the main reason for the apparent increase in hitting? The Designated Hitter has allowed a lot of players to get to bat more often than they



Sisler says the DH has been popular.

normally would, and in this way it has already accomplished something productive, I would like to see it continued in the minors."

Certainly the results of the International League trial have shown the Designated Hitter to be an experiment worth careful consideration, and if the Orioles decide to push for its adoption the majors could be in for more of the infighting baseball is famous for. The conservatives may win out again over those who do not dream about the ghost of Ahner Doubleday every night, but then baseball, like the turtle, may decide instead that progress is seldom made without sticking your neck out. **END**



The wind wasn't up to much and storms stayed away—but when 22 ocean-going sailboats headed into Lake Superior, they established the clearest, cleanest race of them all by HUGH D. WHALL

ACROSS A BIG DRINK OF WATER

There is Bob and Mark and—let's see, now—Jim and Bill. Bill is the one who is off in the Army. Then there is Gordon and John and Dave. There also is Martha, one girl in there among the seven sons—but Martha, like Bill, was not aboard the 40-foot sloop *Snark* for the inaugural of the Trans-Superior Race, the longest freshwater "ocean" race ever held.

Heading this homemade crew of sons whose ages range from 16 to 29 is the skipper, and father, Dr. John Pierpont of White Pine, Mich., who confesses to a bit of confusion about the team line-up. "Now, let me see," he says. "First came Dave. Then John, Bill, Gordon . . . no, wait a minute, that's wrong. It's Jim, then Martha and. . ." No matter. What was even more confusing to an outsider who sailed aboard the *Snark* was that most of the sons also carry nicknames. Like, "Crock." And, "Satch" and "Gob."

But apart from fathering a one-family crew—perhaps the only one of its sort from Sydney to Newport—Dr. Pierpont also is responsible for establishing what could become a classic in long-distance sailing: the 380-odd mile haul from

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. to Duluth, Minn. It had a classic look from the start—and it was not surprising that a fleet of 22 ocean racers of one brand or another turned out for the event last week.

Ranging in length from the wash-basin-sized 24-foot *Cygnus* to the 52-foot scratch boat *Tamara*, the boats hailed from inland ports such as Sheboygan, Duluth, Marquette, Mich., and Port Arthur, Ontario—strange sounding places to sailors unaccustomed to freshwater.

What drew all of them was a course that proposed to be as unusual as it promised to be tough (*ahore*). First of all, the boats would start from the Lake Huron side of the famous Soo Locks, where an endless train of freighters pass up and down going to or coming from Lake Superior. The fleet of yachts would then lock up to the St. Mary's River, which itself forms a mouth into Superior. Starting the actual race at Point Iroquois—providing they followed the most direct routes to Duluth—the boats would then bend around Michigan's Keweenaw Peninsula, roughly the halfway mark, before leaving for the Apostle Islands. The finish lay approximately 80 miles beyond, up a forefingerlike height

in the lake. Prevailing westerlies—in fact as irregular as they are regular—theoretically would mean a beat against the wind to test stamina and stomachs. And finally, capes, bays and islands would strongly challenge the navigators.

But most of all the weather, in all its famous moodiness, fascinated the crews. As every sailor who'd ever crossed Superior's frigid waters was willing to attest before the race began, the event was a natural—at least for men bent on proving they had won their seaboots the hard way. "The water is so cold," explained Dr. Pierpont (who, like others from Superior, refers scornfully to Michigan, Erie and Huron as "those lower lakes"), "that it is said whenever anyone drowns here the body never comes up. The lake refuses to give up its dead, so to speak."

Indeed, to combat the cold, the seabag of a typical Lake Superior hand contains a wet suit—as well as several items of ski togs, almost down to the boots. "The weather is liable to blow in so suddenly and so ferociously," said Dr. Pierpont, "that even our carriers hundreds of feet long have been known to snap in two like dry spaghetti." It was enough to make an East Coaster amorous.

Still, contrary to such mournful tidings, the weather preceding the race had been warm and fair. Not that anyone was lulled into believing the balmy days were there to stay. An hour or so before leaving for the locks a portly and satistically cheerful weatherman came to each boat and delivered the latest forecast. "Synopses," it read. "A vigorous low-pressure system will move into . . ." And, "This storm will . . ."

"Well," declared Dr. Pierpont, sounding satisfied that his buildup for the race was apparently about to be verified, "like I say, the only thing you've got to be prepared for on Superior is the unexpected. Despite the forecast, it will probably be calm the whole way."

Unfortunately, for Dr. Pierpont at any rate, his diagnosis was correct. Not only did the vigorous low rush vigorously through far ahead of the fleet—showing only a flash or two of lightning as it went—but a monumental high-pressure system behind it settled in on Lake Superior, turning it pacific to a fault. But if it disappointed freshwater sailors with its calmness, the lake went a long way to make amends by offering saltwater sailors the novel experience of racing over water pure enough to drink.

"Here, Satch, get me a pan," Dr. Pierpont said minutes before the start. Dipping into the green water, he hauled up a long drink and then passed the pan around. The water, cool and clear, was more than sweet. It had the nutty taste of water freshly sprung from mountain rock. And all about there lay nearly 3,000 cubic miles of the stuff, a whole lot of the world's potable water. Dishwashing—a chore on saltwater ocean races where soap won't get sudsy and dish towels get gummy—suddenly became as easy as dishwashing at home in the kitchen sink. Hot, fresh water gushed from practically every spigot, and the little spray that came aboard neither stung nor caked, nor crusted the lip.

Nibbling across the first geographic mark of the course, Whitefish Bay, the fleet finally reached Whitefish Point at dusk—just in time to run out of wind. The boats were over deep but brightly shimmering fishing nets installed beneath the surface for a mile beyond the land to catch cisco chub, lake trout, or the whitefish, for which Lake Superior is famous.

With nightfall, thermals off the land came in from astern—dictating a shift

from genoa jib to spinnaker. Then a full moon rose, and the temperature began its customary drop. At midnight, in calm water, the helmsman was converted into an Eskimo—gripping the wheel spokes with gloved hands, bundled in everything from thermal underwear to shirts, sweaters and a ski jacket and fur cap. By the shafting light of the aurora borealis, his breath was clearly visible as it puffed from his mouth every time he exhaled.

It was the same for everyone—and, seemingly, everyone was around. By the nature of the course, the weather and the competition, the fleet—although strung out according to size from head to tail—was bunched in clumps of similar-sized boats which rarely lost track of each other. Aboard *Snark*, the sight of *Tigress*, *Flying Jenny III*, occasionally *Tamara* and *Alexa* provided a constant urge to try harder. Even during the evening cocktail hours—a luxury enjoyed aboard few ocean racers but an indispensable part of *Snark*—only the weather was as important as the nearby competition. "What do we do when ice starts to form in the rigging?" asked a Pierpont son one cold evening.

"Chip it off and stick it in a glass," came the quick retort from his father. Although it often felt as though it might, ice never did actually form on the shrouds. And by the fourth slow day out, Tuesday, the thermometer got so high that three sons went swimming in the fathomless water. Jumping overboard with pink complexion, they clambered back blue all over, despite swearing the water was as warm as they had ever felt it. Not far away, meanwhile, the Coast Guard escort vessel *Nauganuck* found the going so slow that a boat drill served as an excuse for the crew to go fishing. Finally, radio reception remained poor, as it usually is due to interference caused, so it is said, by the huge iron deposits in the Mesabi Range. Daily reports from the boats were hopelessly garbled.

There were miles of constant effort to keep *Snark* going in the fluky air, threading between low-lying Devils and Rocky Islands in the Apostles, with the Porcupine Mountains away to the south-east. And always nearby lurked *Snark's* constant companions, the 33-year-old *Tigress*, one of a Sparkman and Stephens-designed class called the New York 32, and the Pearson 43, *Flying Jenny III*, and *Alexa*, the latter only 38 feet long.

Somehow, no matter what was tried aboard *Snark*, this little group refused to go away. Even at the last moment, as the vast lift bridge guarding Duluth's harbor entrance emerged from the darkness before dawn on the fifth morning, the group was still clustered.

Then *Tigress* crossed the line—not only to finish first but to win on handicap as well, a difficult double ploy considering the weather conditions that usually favor small fry. As for *Snark*, she took second in Class A and fourth overall behind *Flying Jenny III* and *Alexa*.

"We came up here thinking it would be heavy weather, and we'd do good," said George Lyon, who owns *Tigress*. "Instead it turned out to be light—and we did good anyhow."

He didn't really sound all that surprised, however, since the 32s, although ancient by today's standards, are famously swift. But his crew had another reason for the *Tigress's* success. They pointed to Owner Lyon's bullwhip draped on the backstay. "I think we must have changed sails on the average of five times every 20 minutes," one of them said. "We went from jenny to floater to spinnaker and back again. You don't get action like that unless the skipper arms himself beforehand." Thanks to their scrambling about, *Tigress's* speed never dropped below one-half knot, despite the calm-bound course.

Meanwhile, as the rest of the fleet dribbled in, the front-runners savored Duluth. It is not Bermuda, Nassau, Newport or even Chicago. In fact, Duluth is more on the style of Fall River, Mass., or San Pedro, Calif. Certainly, the town is not sailboat oriented. "It must be a long lifetime since two dozen sailing craft were making their way from the eastern end of Lake Superior to this port, all at the same time," noted the *Duluth News-Tribune* in a lead editorial headlined HISTORIC SAILING RACE. "And some child born here Wednesday may find his birthday in the record books as the last day of the first Trans-Superior sailing race," it continued.

Still, for sailors interested in sailing rather than sailing's sideshows, the Trans-Superior has arrived—as surely as the fact that next time not only will it be held but the wind will do its stuff, too. Dr. Pierpont says so. So do John, Dave, Gordon, Bob, Mark and Jim. That is, Satch, Crock, Gob . . . and you know. END



Archer Hardy Ward won the national title when he was only 16. Now, at 19, he keeps his nose to the bowstring and has a sharp eye on the world championships

THE HARDY BOY AND HIS BOW AND ARROW

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Hardy Ward shoots with some of the crookedest fingers and straightest arrows in the world of archery. At the age of 19 he already has won two U.S. national championships and next week he will try to add a world title to the collection. But whether or no he succeeds, at the end of the tournament Hardy Ward's fingers will resemble those of a man who has spent a lifetime clutching at needle-sharp straws.

The index, middle and ring fingers of his right hand will be blistered and swollen like overdone hot dogs from the strain of pulling a bowstring that requires 46 pounds of pressure. Since he often holds the bowstring for an agonizing 20 or 30 seconds before release, after shooting 1,000 arrows in a week he cannot straighten out his fingers for hours.

In attempts to alleviate the pain and swelling, Ward has soaked his fingers in water, painted them with iodine and once, in desperation, even took a pseudo doctor's advice and slept with his right hand wrapped in bacon. None of the cures has worked, so Ward—trying to forget—sits back, cracks his knuckles and waits for the 1972 Olympics, when he hopes to win the first gold medal in archery since the sport was dropped from competition in 1922.

If Ward does not attain his goal it could be because he has been too successful for his own good. He has been a winner so often while yet so young that other youngsters have been encouraged to crowd into this neglected sport. The competition has become intense.

"For years there were almost no tournaments, and there were no more than 1,000 target archers," says Clayton Shenk, executive secretary of the National Archery Association. "Now there are 1,600,000 archers in this country." Hardy's success convinced teen-agers that they could skip intermediate competition for boys 15 through 18 and jump right in against adults. A boy named Dave Keigley Jr. won the adult title in 1963 when he was 16, but a lot of people thought it was a fluke. Then Hardy came along a few years later and he won at 16, and suddenly kids everywhere were dropping their baseball bats and buying bows.

Starting with next week's world championship in Valley Forge, Pa., Ward begins pursuit of one of the most unique doubles in archery history. First, he will attempt to become the youngest ever to win that title, shooting against some 225 archers from more than 30 nations. Even the Russians are coming. The second of Ward's objectives will be to try to become the first modern bowman to win a third American adult title. His chance for that will come a week after the world meet and will also be in Valley Forge.

After winning his first championship at 16, Ward finished second at 17 and then returned to his hometown, Mt. Pleasant, Texas, last year once again as the U.S. champion. Mt. Pleasant is a town in the middle of the road between Dallas and Texarkana. It is a town of 14,400 that lures in the northeast corner of the state on the fringe of the piney-woods region. Little things mean a lot in Mt. Pleasant, primarily because there are no big things to fret about. It is the kind of town where folks lament that the local restaurant's turkey dinner now comes from a round can and not straight from the barayard.

Don Ward Sr. is a Boy Scout executive and doubles as the family seamstress. His wife Martha works a night shift at a munitions factory. Sonja Diane, 18, and Butch, 17, are fine tennis players, and 9-year-old Debbie wants to play on the high school football team. Donnie, 13, is the Dr. Dolittle of Mt. Pleasant, befriending birds, dogs, cats, squirrels and lizards wherever he goes.

Hardy is a premed student at Kilgore Junior College and he has a tough scholastic schedule, but he still manages to get in four hours of archery practice a day. His only other major pastime is a normal one. "You might say," his father says, "that when he gave up Boy Scouting he took up girl scouting."

Hardy Ward is a handsome young man who would "like for people to think he's a playboy," says his father. "But he's not." Nonplayboy Hardy has been known to fall sound asleep while out on a date.

In manner, Hardy is reserved, quiet and impeccably polite, given over to

"Yes, sir" and "Thank you, ma'am." Archer Jack Hoffarth recalls one night several years ago when he and another archer were out for a late stroll after the first day of a tournament. "We were walking past a playground," he says, "and we heard these noises. I asked who was there, and a voice came back, 'It's me, sir, Hardy Ward. I couldn't sleep, so I decided to do some exercises.' I looked more closely and, sure enough, there was Hardy climbing the monkey bars."

There has been no parental pressure on Hardy to take up the arrow and the bow—no intense coaching starting at age 3. Hardy did not get interested in archery until he was 5, when his parents bought him a \$6 bow for his birthday. For the next seven years Hardy's shooting was restricted to the backyard, where he riddled milk cartons filled with sand, and to the woods and fields, where he picked off jackrabbits darting through the brush, as well as deer, squirrels, possum and birds.

"We didn't have any idea how good he was," recalls his father, "so we all piled into the car and took him to a tournament in Arkansas to find out. It was field archery, where you shoot at targets simulating animals. He had never shot any targets like this. We promised him a new bow if he shot 400 on the last round. Hardy was only 12, and he hadn't done too well the first day, but one of the older archers noticed that his arrows were all bent. He straightened them out, and then Hardy went out and shot 518—a junior national field record—the first time he ever tried the last course." Before long, Hardy was practicing daily and traveling from one tournament to another. He won so many first-place trophies that a corner of the house had to be set aside for them.

Then came disaster. "I froze," he recalls. "I was 15 and I couldn't shoot anymore. It got so bad that I decided to use a clicker on my bow. It was either that or stop shooting." A clicker is a little metal arm through which the arrow is drawn as the archer pulls back the string. It enables him to concentrate on aiming. A good aim is wasted if the archer

continues



THE WARD FAMILY: DESSIE, MOM, DAD, SLDTHIKE DOWNS, HARDY AND BUTCH

er cannot always draw the arrow back the same distance on each shot. If his draw is merely one-eighth of an inch longer than usual, he is apt to be several feet out of the gold, or bull's-eye, at 90 meters. A clicker permits him to draw back almost all the way, aim and then, when that last fraction of an inch of the arrow tip slips through the metal arm and causes a clicking sound, he knows it is time to fire.

"Hardy was the first to win a national title with a clicker," says Earl Hoyt, owner of the Hoyt Archery Company, which makes the bows used by most of the world's leading marksmen. "The clicker has been the single most important factor in improved scores and in the retention of archers in the sport. You see, at some time or other every archer runs into the problem of freezing. He just can't shoot right, and the harder he tries, the worse he gets. Until Hardy popularized the clicker, freezing was something like a terminal disease."

Most archers now use clickers, including some of the youngsters who are on the U.S. team. Three of the four members are teen-agers. Ward, 16-year-old Steve Lieberman of Reading, Pa. and 15-year-old John Williams of Cranestown, Pa. The fourth is Ray Rogers, 32, of Muskogee, Okla., who in 1967 beat out Ward

for the U.S. title and won the world championship.

"I really want this world championship," Ward says. "I would have won at 17 if they hadn't made a rule change the day before the competition started. All of a sudden they decided it was illegal to use peep sights with calibrations or magnification. It was like learning how to shoot all over again. But Al Muller fixed them. He showed up with calibrations marked on the lens of one of his eyeglasses. The officials noticed, and they got all excited. It was all in fun. Al is blind in one eye, and all he had done was to put some meaningless markings on his glasses and he had people hopping up and down all over."

"After the first day I was in 27th place. The blisters on my right hand broke—I had practiced too much the day before trying to get used to shooting without my regular sight—and each time I shot, the blood flew. By the time I was done shooting, my white shirt (archers must wear all-white uniforms during international matches) was covered with red. My fingers screamed, but I shot a world championship one-round-record 1,179 and moved up to second place with two arrows to go. Then somebody behind me clicked a motorized camera just as I was getting

ready for my next-to-the-last shot. I thought it was my clicker, and I let go too soon and got only a seven. I got a 10 on my last shot, but I lost second place by one point. I was really disappointed that I didn't win at 17. If I win at 19, well, I just feel that somebody younger will come along and win some day. Why not? Kids are doing it in all other sports."

One such youngster is Johnny Williams, a high schooler who finished first at the U.S. tryouts in St. Louis and also set world records, shooting 1,242 in a single day and scoring 320 at 70 meters. As spectacular as Williams was, it was Hardy who caused even more of a sensation at the trials in June. To be able to compete for the U.S. in the forthcoming world championship, Hardy had to finish at least fourth. As it turned out, he barely earned the fourth spot on the team, but he overcame so many misfortunes in doing so that his feats have become archery legend.

His woes began a week before the tryouts when he was playing golf on a pitch-and-putt course with his girl. Hardy's father explains what happened this way: "She hit the ball over a fence and Hardy tried to show off for her by jumping over the fence, and when he did he sprang his ankle." What he "sprung" were ligaments in his right foot, and the injury hobbled him badly.

Then, too, Hardy's practice time had been seriously curtailed. He had not shot during the four weeks prior to final exams at school. Even when he returned home it was difficult for him to practice. He had a 12-hour-day job and, on top of that, his target range also serves as a baseball field for youngsters in Mt. Pleasant.

With his parents, Hardy rode 650 miles in the family car to St. Louis, where he got in two days of practice before taking part in the trials. Other archers who saw him agreed that he was shooting amazingly well and that he would be the man to beat. But on Ward's final practice shot, his bow cracked.

He rushed to Hoyt's factory in nearby Bridgeton, Mo. and got a bow similar to the broken one. It seemed futile, however, for it takes months for an archer to become wedded to his bow, to work out the kinks and to tune it delicately to his own style.

The night before the tryouts, Hoyt said, "Now we'll find out how great an

continued

A man with a mustache, wearing a brown suit and a dark turtleneck, is sitting on a stool in a theater. He is holding a small glass in his right hand. The theater has ornate wooden balconies and a large chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The lighting is warm and focused on the man.

**"Lots of things
have changed
here in England
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isn't one of them.
Thank goodness."**

**Mr. Herbert Kretzmer,
Drama Critic,
London Daily Express**

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archer he is. Shooting with a new bow and under the pressure of this competition is going to be the biggest challenge of his life."

Mrs. Ward was optimistic. "When Hardy was 15 he was riding his bicycle when he was hit by a car," she said. "The seat of his bicycle wound up under the car, but Hardy was thrown clear. All that happened to him was that he tore his trousers when he landed. He always seems to get out of the worst messes in good shape. I keep telling him that he has an angel sitting on his shoulder. He'll need that angel during the next two days."

The next day, however, it seemed as if Lucifer were seated on Ward's shoulder. Trying to adjust to his new bow, he completely missed his target three times, more than he usually misses during a full season. When the first day of the two-day trial was over—international competition for men is held at distances of 90, 70, 50 and 30 meters, with 36 arrows being shot from each range—he

was tied for 13th place, 23 points out of the critical fourth spot. At that, he was fortunate, for he caught a seven-point error in his score that would have made his plight worse yet.

Hardy had to return to Hoyt's factory to make adjustments on his bow, and the night before the final round of the trials he was still practicing at well past 10 o'clock. His mother stood nearby, barefooted. She had taken off her shoes to prop up two flashlights so that they would shine on the distant target. The beams barely outlined the targets and Hardy's hopes seemed as dim as those two faint lights in the night.

Still, he was confident the next morning. He had been shooting since 7:20 a.m., and he felt he was getting right readings down well. Then, minutes before the final shoot-off, the string on his bow snapped. For an archer, this is calamitous. It takes weeks to become accustomed to a string and to place his necking points—one metal band on which the rear of the arrow rests and another

on which he lines up the front peep sight.

So there was Hardy, going to the line with a badly swollen ankle, a new bow and a new string and without any sight readings. It was like telling Paganini to play *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* with a broomstick and a neighbor's fiddle.

Somehow, Ward shot well from 90 meters (about the length of a football field) and climbed swiftly to seventh place. Thereafter, though, it was slow going. Then tornado sirens were sounded, sudden darkness covered the range and violent thunderstorms swept the area. Returning to the shooting range after the storm, Hardy twisted his bad ankle.

Even so, Hardy inched up in the standings and was fourth when he was limped at 70 meters. He dropped back to fifth, then rallied during the final rounds at 50 meters and took third place.

Harry Gakrest, leader of the men's world championship team in 1967 and again this year, was kneeling behind the firing line watching Hardy. "You still can't tell if he'll make the team," Gil

continued

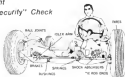
"I was once a perfectly good front tire, and the wheels of my car had been carefully aligned. But the wheels wouldn't stay in line because my car had worn steering parts.

So my partner and I were rubbed out in the prime of life."

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HARDY BOY continued

crest said, "but what he has done so far speaks so loud that you can't add any more. After I heard about his troubles, I had almost no hope for him. I just thought things had gone too far."

The final 36 arrows were to be shot from 30 meters. When archers move up to a shorter distance, the scene is akin to a rush-hour mob crossing Times Square. They lug folding chairs, bows, arrows, sweaters, tackle boxes, soda bottles and the remains of the lunch forward. The crowd, too, surges ahead, and now the spectators stood with their binoculars trained on each arrow.

Thirty meters was a distance for which Ward had absolutely no sight readings. He would have to shoot strictly from instinct and guesswork. His left hand held the bow rigid as he drew the bowstring back and rested his right thumb just under his chin, his swollen fingers throbbing as he aimed and held and then held some more. His first shot struck gold. Ward put down his bow and sighed. His right hand rested at his side, the three inside fingers trembling and locked in their strange concave attitude.

Just when Ward seemed to have assured himself of a berth on the team, up came Steve Wilson, 15, of Olney, Ill., drilling shot after shot into the gold. With six shots to go, Ward had a seven-point lead over the fifth-place Wilson, but while Hardy was scoring eights and nines, Steve was getting nines and 10s. No one could be sure of the exact standings as the pace quickened. Finally, it came down to the last arrow. Ward drew back, held his aim, then released too soon.

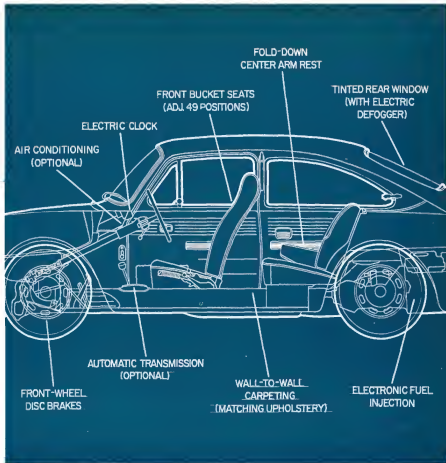
"Oh, no," said Earl Hoyt as he put down his field glasses. "He put it in the one ring."

With a worried, puzzled look, Ward turned to ask where the arrow had gone. No one told him. Word swept down the line that Wilson, thanks to his own fine comeback and Ward's hard-to-believe score on the last arrow, had beaten out Hardy for fourth place by one point.

Slowly, Hardy walked to the tent at the back of the range where the official scores were being tabulated. There at long last came official word that he had finished one point ahead of Wilson, 2,298 to 2,297.

"I think I see that angel sitting on your shoulder," Mrs. Ward said to her son.

AND



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**A PERSONALIZED
HISTORY OF SCOTTISH GOLF
OR**

**YOU'LL
NOT DO
THAT
HERE.
LADDIE**

BY DAN JENKINS



*It is statute an ordinit that in na place
of the realm be there wist . . . Golfe or
uther sik unprofitabil sportis.*

—JAMES IV to Parliament in Edinburgh May 16, 1491

It was a gray, drizzly day like most in Scotland, and there was I, a lonely shepherd, strolling along a swollen dune by the North Sea looking for a wee stance to hit wi' a bit crook. Clumps of heather were up to my knees and the yellow-tipped whin was up to my chest, and I was up to here with my sheep because the little dumplings had wandered away. I had this crooked stick, that I normally used to keep the dumplings in line, in my hand. You know. Firm left side, eye on the tailbone, slow backswing—and whap. But they were gone and I was just ambling along when I saw this chuckle stance, as it was called, this round pebble. I also saw this rabbit scrape, as it was called, through an opening in the heather and whin. So I said to myself, "Self, why don't you take your bit crook and try to knock this here stance into that there scrape? And stay out of the heather because, boy, it'll make your hand ring." Well, I guess I took it back a little outside, because I cut a low one right into the garbage and almost never did find it, but anyhow, this is how I came to invent the game of golf a few hundred years ago.

There are those, of course, who claim that I did not invent golf in another life, nor did any other Scot. Some say the Romans did it long before me and called it *Pagurica*, which, between you and me, sounds like a joint over on East 56th with a big tab. Some say the Dutch invented golf, or a game called *kobes*, which was similar. But no way. *Kobes* has to be a roll of veal stuffed with cheese and chives. Some even say that the French originated golf under the name of *jeu de mail*, but, as any European traveler knows, this is a game for the big players in Monaco.

The fact of the matter is, golf is a Scottish game. It is naturally Scottish, as natural to our instincts as the seaside links land is natural to the setting. It was the Scots, after all, who took the game and did something with it when everybody else was busy making crossbows. We made the courses and the clubs, the balls and the rules, the trophies and the tournaments. We invented wind and rough, hooks and slices, bunkers and doglegs, and we were just getting ready to invent the overlapping grip when Harry Vardon, an Englishman, beat us to it.

We looked at the seashores, our links-land, and said

this is where the glory's at. Let the wet wind blow in from Denmark or wherever it comes from. Let the incursions of the sea make the giant dunes and the tumbling valleys. Let the birds bring in the seeds that will grow our curious rough—the wiry, purple heather, the bulging whin, the fern we'll call bracken and the broom, that does not have thorns to distinguish itself from whin, or gorse.

No, I don't know what the Romans, the Dutch and the French were doing around the 1450s, but we Scots were playing golf then and had been. At least we were when the kings would permit it, there being, from time to time, this nagging problem of national service. Had to go fight the English. Cancel my starting time.

There was an afternoon, I recall, when the game came close to being banished forever. As it happened, I was out on a moor at St. Andrews trying out a new Auchterlone driving spoon at the 11th—the short hole, of course—when a king's guard rose up out of the whin and handed me a scroll signed by our monarch.

The scroll said, "It is decreed and ordained . . . that the Fane-bull and the Golf be utterly cryt a doun, and nocht to be usit."

"Guy never could spell," I said.

The guard pointed his crossbow at me and said that the king, Jimmy the Roman Numeral, meant business.

"The golfe is sik unprofitabil sportis," he said.

"Pal, you got that right," I said. "See that shepherd over

there with the cross-handed grip on his bit crook? Well, he's got me out, out, out, and one down."

"Don't be abusit," the guard said. "It is statute an ordinit that in na place of the realm be there Golfe in tym cuning."

"Look," I said. "Smell that air. Gaze over this land. Grant, huh? Who would want a guy to be hanging around a daft castle waiting for an Englishman to scale a wall?"

"Aye," he said. "The air is guid and the field reasonable fair. But can ya na handle the bow for archerie? Can ya na run or swoom or warstle instead?"

"I don't know, man," I said. "Let me put it your way. Here's the deal. I was drivin' the chuckle stanes wi' a bit stick as sane's I could walk."

He nodded as if he were beginning to understand.



continued

"Here's something else," I said. "I happen to know that a bow-maker in Perth is fixing up a set of clubs for the king right now. Why? Because the king sneaked out the other day to see what this game was all about and the Earl of Bothwell, who plays to a cool 23, brought him to his knees on the hack three at Leith. The king's getting a pretty good price, too. Like only 14s for the set, what-ever an s is."

The guard put down his crossbow and said, well, go ahead and play if that was the case. And by the way, he added, did I want to buy "a dusen gud golf hails?"

"Hold it," I said. "You got featheries?"

"Aye," he said, "Gud featheries that cum from the Laird of Rosyth. Gud featheries stuffed with flock."

"Touze s's," I said. "And not an s more."

"Eight s's," he said.

"They're hot, man. Six s's and we both get out clean," I said.

He went for the six—you can always strike a bargain in Europe—and disappeared back into the whin. And now that I had saved golf, I couldn't wait to try out one of the new high-compression featheries. I heeled up a good lie and gave the shot a full body turn. Wow. There is still a hole in the wind where I hit that shot and I thought to myself, what a happy and golden time, indeed.

In a few more years all of royalty would be playing golf. There were rumors of Mary Queen of Scots shanking around the fields of Seion when some said she should have been mourning the demise of Lord Darnley. Charles I got a very bad press for being in a match at Leith when the Irish Rebellion broke out. A lot of Jameses and Dukes of York were seen swinging at Musselburgh, which still claims to be the oldest layout out in the world and now sits inside a race-course near Edinburgh. There was a Stuart or two spotted in a putting game at Leith, where The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers got started.

All golfers, I think, are indebted to a small group of us that got together in 1744—The Honourable Company, or The Company of Gentleman Golfers as we called ourselves then. What we did was form the first country club. Not only that, we sat down and wrote the first rules of the game, which we called the *Articles & Laws in Playing of Golf*.

Those first rules have been well-preserved, along with some terribly clever comments I made at the meeting as I spoke keenly above the rear of our first president, Duncan Forbes. Among those rules were

I You Must Tee your Ball within a Club length of the hole. (It's going to be uproarious fun, guys, waiting for somebody to drive before you can putt.)

II Your Tee must be upon the Ground. (Nothing like teeing up the ball in the air for greater distance.)

III You are not to Change the Ball which you Strike off the Tee.

(The caddies will take care of this. When I tried to put down a clean one to putt the other day at St. Andrews, my man, Ginger Johnson, tugged at the sleeve of my cashmere and said, "You'll not do that here, Laddie.")

IV You are not to Remove Stones, Bones or any Break-club for the Sake of playing your Ball Except upon the

fair Green, and that only within a Club's Length of your Ball

(Well, we'll get some pretty tricky breaks over the stones and bones.)

V If your Ball come among Water, in any Watery filth, You are at Liberty to take out Your Ball, & bringing it behind the hazard, and teeing it. You may play it with any Club, and allow your Adversary a Stroke, for so getting out your Ball.

(Unless your Adversary doesn't see you do it.)

VII At holcing, You are to play your Ball honestly for the Hole, and not to play upon your Adversary's Ball, not lying in your way to the Hole.

(I heard about this across the ocean in a place called Fashampton. They call it croquet.)

VIII If you should lose your Ball, by its being taken up, or any other way, You are to go back to the Spot where you Struck last and drop another Ball, and allow your Adversary a Stroke for the Misfortune

(And if your Adversary has been seen taking up your Ball, you may strike your Adversary w/ a bit crook, teeing him upon the Ground.)

IX No Man at Holcing his Ball, is to be Allowed to Mark his way to the Hole with his Club or anything else.

(And if you do, man, the greens committee will chew you out.)

XII He Whose Ball lies furthest from the Hole is Obligated to play first.

(This is a good rule, but I'll tell you, the public course players are going to relax it a little.)

XIII Nother Trench, Ditch or Dyke made for the preservation of the Links, Nor the Scholars' Holes or the Soldiers' Lines, shall be Accounted a Hazard. But the Ball is to be taken out, Teed and played with any Iron Club.

IOh, swell, Duncan. So how come you let me make eight passes at it yesterday in the Soldiers' Lines with no relief?

Well, you know what happens. You let one private club get started and down the road another pops up. The noblemen and lairds of Fifeshire couldn't stand it that we had The Company of Gentleman Golfers, and some rules, especially, they said, when everybody knew St. Andrews was the cradle of golf. So in hardly any time at all they formed The Society of St. Andrews Golfers, which later would become known as the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. And you know what happened after that. They had the sport by the old gutta-percha and never would turn loose of it.

A lot of arguments have gone on through the years about the history of the game—where it began, who molded the first creak and so forth. Over at Muirfield, where The Honourable Company still hangs out, they say that the R&A would still be the Greensboro Jaycees if the Edinburgh code of golf hadn't been written. And at the same time, over at Prestwick on the West Coast, they like to say that the R&A wouldn't have anything to do but run the St. Andrews city championship if Prestwick's members hadn't decided to invent the Open Championship and stage it the first 12 years of its existence. The Open



The 11th at Troon—"the single hardest hole I have ever seen."

Championship, of course, is what a lot of crass Americans would call the British Open today.

All I know is, every time somebody at Muirfield or Prestwick or Troon or Carnoustie goes out and finds an old track iron which had to have been made over 200 years ago, somebody from the R&A will reach down into Hell Bunker or the Swilken Burn and find a club that is older. One envisions genial Laurie Auchterlone, the honorary professional of St. Andrews, carving and hammering away these days, making an antique putter dated 1742.

What truly matters, of course, is that the whole scene is old—the gray clubhouses and the rolling land, the minute books and the scrolls, the wind and rain, the heather, dunes and swales—everything that makes Scottish golf what it is. It has been said by many that a golfer hasn't played the game until he has gone back where it all was, and where it all still is.

It is a special feeling, I think, that calls the golfer back to Scotland. "Take me to the grave of Old Tom Morris," a voice says. "Drive me around the Road Hole. Show me where the Wee Icemon chipped it in at Carnoustie. Lead me down the long narrow 11th at Troon where Arnie made the 3s. Let me hear the groan of the Spitfire ghosts at Turnberry. Carry me over the Sleepers at Prestwick. Bend me around the archery field at Muirfield. Drown me in these treasures of time."

The Scots themselves relish all this more than anyone. It is in their faces as deeply as it is in their verse. They are constantly writing poems about their bunkers and burns and braes. "The swallows are high in an empty sky, so let's to the tee once more." That kind of thing. It's enough to have a man packing his clubs, tossing his alligators into his suitcase and . . .

"So let's to the tee once more," I said to the customs official at Prestwick, having deboarded my Pan Am flight from JFK. "The nature of my visit? Well, I have a meeting scheduled with Heather, Whin, Bracken & Broom, one of your very successful brokerage firms."

There was this tour that Keith Mackenzie, the secretary of the R&A, had worked out for me. Fly to Prestwick, an old WWII air base where everybody played *Twelve O'Clock High*, and motor down the West Coast to Turnberry, the Pebble Beach of Scotland. Stay at the Turnberry Hotel, which is the only thing there and covers a hillside overlooking the course and the Spitfire runways. From Turnberry, he said, one could reach two other famous Scottish links—Troon and Prestwick—simply by driving over the Electric Brae, a road that goes up when it appears to be going down. Cover the West Coast first, said Mackenzie, then move to The Old Course Hotel at St. Andrews, where you can play the Old Course, right outside your window, and then journey north toward Dundee and Carnoustie or south toward Edinburgh and Muirfield.

"This is the best possible route for an American," said Mackenzie.

"But I'm Scottish," I said. "I'm just retracing my steps from a few hundred years before."

"Of course, dear chap," he said. "We're all Scottish when it comes to golf."

continued

"Aye," I said.

"Simply marvelous tour," he said. "You'll see a bit of it all. Turnberry, for example, pitched right there on the Firth of Clyde. Tees practically banging on the water like Pebble. And Prestwick with those slender fairways and blind shots, and seven bloody 5 pars. Too outdated for the Open Championship, of course, but munda you, the Pine Valley of Scotland in a way. And wonderful Old Troon. The Postage Stamp green. One of the first sharp-angled doglegs. I say, Annie argued a good case there, didn't he?"

"Aye," I said.

"Then to the East Coast. That's your story," Keith said. "You'll quarter in The Old Course Hotel, naturally,

right where the railway sheds were on the Road Hole. Walk out on your terrace and spit in the Principal's Nose, by Jove. With the new bridge you can reach Carnoustie in an hour now. Good old somber Carnoustie, the Barry Burn and all that. And then, of course, there's Muirfield. Marvelous place, Muirfield. Not a burn on it, you see. Just 165 bunkers. You'll see a bit of sand there, I'd guess."

"Aye, Aye," I said.

"Best of luck," he said. "See you at St. Andrews. We'll have a bit of port. It goes well in the Bag Room."

For some evil reason, some death wish that perhaps is concealed within us all, the first thing a touring golfer is captivated by in Scotland is the plant life adjacent to all

Ageless Prestwick—a stone wall, between waunds of heather, clumps of shin and, are, the terrible Sleepers.



fairways. The heather, whin, bracken and broom. Turnberry, my first stop, had all of these other landmarks to dwell upon—holes hanging on the Firth of Clyde, as Mackenzie said, the Spitfire runways now bordered by wild flowers, a bird sanctuary on an island off in the distance, the huge hotel on the hill where *God Save the Queen* reverberates from the orchestra pit in the ballroom at night through all of the tearooms and the RAF monument at the 12th green commemorating those men from Turnberry's aerial fighting and gunnery school who died in combat. But I was preoccupied with the rough.

You find yourself having this running commentary with your caddie as if he's a botanist in his checkered James Cagney cap, his coat and tie and scruffy face that hasn't

been shaved since the last air raid. His name is Jimmy or Peter or Ginger or Tip or Cecil and chances are he caddied for Hagen at Hoylake in 1924.

"What am I in here?" I asked my caddie at Turnberry on the very first hole. "Is this gorse?"

"Not likely," he said. "I think that's a bush."

Your caddie is a warm, friendly man who knows his golf. You swing once and he knows your distances. If he says the shot is "a wee seven," you'd better hit it wee-ly or a dozen of you with machetes won't be able to find the ball behind the green.

Such a hole was the 4th at Turnberry, which bears the name Woe-Be-Tide. It is a 175-yard one-shotter. You practically stand on the firth and hit into a crosswind to a

continued



green about as big as your golf bag, with more water on the left and the hounds of the Baskervilles on your right.

"What am I in now?" I asked, having hit a firth-lock safely to the right. "Is this heather?"

"That," he said, "is gorse. You ca'na swing softly, Sir, and be way o' the gorse."

"Gorse is whin, right?"

He said, "Aye, the whins we call it. You ca'na plant the whin and neither will the whin die. The whin is just here where it always was."

I took a forceful swing with a sand iron, moving the ball about one foot, and said, "Don't forget to show me the heather when we find some."

"Aye," he said, "That's heather you're in now."

You can't often find the ball in heather. It is a stubby dwarf plant, all matted and wiry, brown at times, purple at others. You can top a shot with a driver and, whereas in America the ball is likely to run for a hundred or so yards, if in Scotland it finds a cluster of heather only a few yards away, it will go flimp—and either disappear forever or bound straight back to you.

I could see at least half of the ball there in the heather, and I took a full swipe at it with the wedge, so hard that the caddie counted all of the cleats in my shoes and the veins in my legs, and the noise I made sounded like the *Lufthaffe* had returned to drop another load on the docks at Glasgow.

And the ball didn't move at all.

Magnificent Muirfield—a course that knows no equal, and a clubhouse to test the imagination.



"When does my hand stop tingling?" I said.

Turnberry has one hole that is more magnificent than all of the others. It is the 9th, 425 yards with a tee sitting back on an island of jagged rock. Water and rock border it on the left where a lighthouse marks the farthest point of the course from the hotel. Off to the right, beyond the plant life, is part of the Spindle runway. Behind the green is broom and clumps of bracken, which crows won't eat.

One finds in Scotland, however, that if the botany doesn't confuse you, the scorekeeping will. I drove well at the 9th, which means safely onto the close-cropped fescue grass which dominates all Scottish fairways. I reached the small green with one of my rare unshanked four-irons, and I stole a putt of about 20 feet for a 3. Then the trouble began.

"Is this a par-4 hole?" I asked the caddie.

"No, Sir," he said. "It plays to a bogey-5."

"Then I made an eagle," I said.

"It ca'na be an eagle, Sir," he said.

"Well, what's par for the course?"

He said, "Bogey today is about 76."

"But level 4s is 72," I said. "Shouldn't that be what I would call par?"

He thought a minute and said, "I reckon par to be about 74 today."

"What was it yesterday, for instance?" I asked.

"Oh, in that wind, par must have been 77 or so."

I said, "Well, I think I just made an eagle."

"You did na make an eagle, Sir," he said.

"A birdie?"

"Not exactly a birdie with the helpin' wind, Sir."

"A par?"

"Oh, much better than a par, it was," he said.

"So what the damn hell was it, James Cagney?"

"It was a very good score, Sir. Your first of the round."

There is much to see in the neighborhood of Turnberry and along the route to either Prestwick or Troon, like a castle here and there or a birthplace of Robert Burns, of which there must be a dozen, but never should a visitor miss that hill—that thing—called the Electric Brae. Years ago bicyclists discovered it, one is told. They found themselves forced to pedal sweetly to get uphill when it obviously looked as if the road were going downward into the woods. It is an optical illusion, and you would lose your wallet betting on it. The proof is this: stop the car at a point where you are certain you are headed uphill. Put a golf ball on the road, a shiny new Dunlop 65. It will roll uphill, that's all.

As mysterious as the Electric Brae is, it is no more mysterious than the course at Prestwick, the one where all of those early British Opens were staged beginning in 1860. Your first impression as you gaze out on a wasteland punctuated by a crumbling old stone fence is that this has to be the biggest practical joke in all of golf. "I've got it," you say. You pay your green fee, put down a ball, aim at the world, take four or five steps and are never heard from again.

Consider the 1st hole, only 339 yards. On your right: the stone fence about 10 feet away, separating you from a

train that will come chugging by at intervals. On your left: mounds of heather and scrub. Directly in front: wasteland. Absolute wasteland. Small and large clumps of it, sheltered by thin layers of fog. And the caddie hands you a driver. The fairway, presuming one is actually there, can't be more than 20 yards wide but the caddie hands you a driver.

"If love is it?" I asked.

"Straightaway, Sir," said Charles, who was distinguished from my caddie at Turnberry by two things. Charles wore a maffler and had his own cigarettes. "It's just there," he said. "Just to the left of the cemetery."

It is asking a lot, I know, to expect anyone to believe that you can bust a drive about 250 yards on a 339-yard hole, have a good lie in the fairway and still not be able to see a green anywhere, but this is Prestwick.

The green was there, all right, as are all of the greens at Prestwick, but you never see them until you are on them, which is usually eight or 10 strokes after leaving the tee. They sit behind little hills, or the terrain simply sinks 10 or 15 feet straight down to a mowed surface or they are snaggled over behind tall wood fences where you have nothing to aim at but a distant church steeple.

You would like to gather up several holes from Prestwick and mail them to your top 10 enemies. I guess my alltime favorite love-hate golf hole must be the 3rd hole of this course. Like most of the holes at Prestwick, it is unchanged from the day in 1860 when Willie Park Sr. shot 174 to become the first Open champion. Quite a good score, I have since decided.

First of all, without a caddie it would take you a week and a half to find the 3rd tee. It is a little patch of ground roughly three yards wide perched atop a stream—a burn, rather—with the cemetery to your back and nothing up ahead except mist. Well, dimly in the distance you can see a rising dune with a fence crawling across it. "The Sleepers," the caddie says. But nothing more. Nothing.

"I'll be frank, Charles," I said. "I have no idea which way to go or what with."

"Have a go with the spoon, Sir," he said.

"The spoon?" I shrieked. "Where the hell am I going with a spoon?"

"A spoon'll get you across the burn, Sir, but it'll na get you to the Sleepers," he said.

"Hold it," I said. "Just wait a minute." My body was sort of slumped over and I was holding the bridge of my nose with my thumb and forefinger. "These, uh, Sleepers. They're out there somewhere?"

"Aye, the Sleepers," he said.

"And, uh, they just kind of hang around, right?"

"Aye, the Sleepers have took many a golfer."

Somehow I kept the three-wood in play and when I reached the shot, Charles casually handed me the four-wood. I took the club and addressed the ball, hoping to hit quickly and get on past the Sleepers, wherever they were. But Charles stopped me.

"Not that way, Sir," he said.

"This is the way I was headed when we left the tee," I said.

"We go a bit right here, Sir," he said. "The Sleepers is

continued

there just below the old fence. You want to go over the Sleepers and over the fence, but na too far right because of the burn. Just a nice stroke, Sir, with the four-wood."

Happily, I got the shot up and in the general direction Charles ordered, and walking toward the flight of the ball I finally came to the Sleepers. It was a series of bunkers as deep as the Grand Canyon. A driver off the tee would have found them and so would any kind of second shot that didn't get up high enough to clear the fence on the dune. A worn path led through the Sleepers, and then some ancient wooden steps led up the hill and around the fence to what was supposed to be more fairway on the other side.

It wasn't a fairway at all. It was a group of grass mounds going off into infinity. It looked like a carefully arranged assortment of tiny green Astrodomes. When Charles handed me the pitching wedge, I almost hit him with it because there was no green in sight. But I got the wedge onto a green that was, sure enough, nestled down in one of those dips, and two-putted for a 5 that I figured wasn't a far just because the hole was 905 yards long. Charles said I had played the hole perfectly, thanks to him, and that I could play it a thousand times and probably never play it as well.

I said, "Charles, do you know what they will say about this hole in America?"

"Sir?" he said.

"This is one of those holes where you hit one bad shot and you're dead," I said.

"Aye, 'tis that," he said.

"You're S-O-L," I said.

"Sir?" said Charles.

"Sure out of luck," I said.

"Aye," said Charles. "You call it S-O-L. At Prestwick we call it the Sleepers."

Prestwick has a number of other charming atrocities. There is a 201-yard 5th hole the caddies call the Himalayas. It plays with anything from a five-iron to a driver, depending on the wind. You flog the shot over a mountainous dune and discover, on the other side, about 100 feet down, a green. You ring a bell when you've patted out. There is a wonderful 15th hole of only 329 yards, straightaway, but the fairway is total heather except for the width of an umbrella, and there is no green at all that I could find. All in all, I would say that Prestwick has 18 holes all right, but I dare any visitor to find more than, say, 12.

Only a couple of graveyards and trash piles away from Prestwick lies Troon. In fact, from the 10th tee at Prestwick you can see Troon better than you can see Prestwick. The course is on the firth, not so much as Turnberry but more so than Prestwick, and the town is filled with small resort hotels and rooming houses that advertise bed-and-breakfast. Troon is the seaside getaway on weekends for the inhabitants of Glasgow. You make there, and hike, and go camping in the drizzle. But the best thing you can do if you are privileged enough is play Old Troon, the championship course of the snootiest club on the West Coast. Mr. A. Sweet, sekary, will arrange the round if he approves the cut of your blazer.

Old Troon is the only Scottish links on the West Coast that

the R&A keeps on what Keith Mackenzie terms "the championship rota." These are courses fit to host the British Open. In Scotland they have been narrowed down to St. Andrews, Muirfield, Carnoustie and Troon. And in England they are Birkdale, Lytham and Hoylake. Troon takes immense pride in the fact that it is the jewel of the West and even more pride in the fact that it was the scene of one of Arnold Palmer's most glorious weeks. It was at Troon in 1962 that Palmer won the British Open by six strokes (276) on a course that Gary Player declared "unfair" before departing in a rage, and a course that drew such horrid individual holes out of Jack Nicklaus as a 10 and an 8.

For the full haul of 18 holes, Troon is not all that memorable. The rough, for one thing, is more like rugged American rough; you can escape from it in one hearty swing if the waist of your trousers is cinched up. Troon, I found, is what you could call a very pleasant course and perhaps more modern than most Scottish courses, if any layout without the hint of a tree can look modern to an American. This is not to say that Troon is void of character. It has several holes, as a matter of fact, that are as good as any to be found, including the single hardest hole I have ever seen—the 11th—not to forget two others that have been architectural landmarks since they were constructed.

There is the 8th, for example, the famed Postage Stamp. It is so named because the green clings to nothing but the lower half of a heather-covered mound, and a tiny one at that. The hole measures only 125 yards but it can play up to a four-iron if the wind is whipping out of the north. Mr. A. Sweet likes to tell about a member who made a hole in one at the Postage Stamp in a most unusual way. His tee shot came to rest atop the mound. He swung at the ball with a wedge from up there and missed it. But the sweep of the club through the grass dislodged the ball and it trickled down the hill into the cup.

"Rightly, of course, the chap made a 2," said Mr. Sweet.

It did not harm the fame of the Postage Stamp that in 1923, when Troon was first used to stage the Open Championship, none other than Walter Hagen made a double Havers 5 there to blow the title by a stroke to a Mr. Arthur Havers.

All over Scotland one continually finds par-4 holes where, at one time or another, according to the caddies, Jack Nicklaus was on in one. The hole before the Postage Stamp, Troon's 7th, is such a hole. It is renowned for two other reasons: first, it is supposed to be one of golf's earliest doglegs, since the fairway curves sharply to the right, and it is also considered one of the most beautiful of golf holes.

With the tee up on a bluff furnishing a wide view of the sea, and with the wind usually helping, you can envision how Nicklaus might have driven all 385 yards of it. He caught one just right and strung it out over the sand hills, but a downslope and burned path through the whin up to the putting surface.

It might well have been this good fortune back in 1962 that encouraged Jack to take out the driver at Troon's 11th the day he had to sink a good putt for a 10. The 11th hole is 485 yards of railroad track on the right and clusters of whin on the left. The fairway is nothing but mo-

guls all the way with the tiny green hand by another of those old stone fences. This is the hole Palmer won the Open on, for he played it with a 3, two 4s and a 5—four under—by using a one-iron off the tee and a two-iron to the green.

My caddie at Troon, Peter Neil, who happened to have toled Sam Snead's bag in the 1962 Open, gave me the driver at the 11th and when we lost sight of the ball soaring out over the whin, he consoled me the way a good caddie should.

"You're just not with it today, Sir," he said.

Troon makes no claim to being among the oldest clubs in Scotland, seeing as how it wasn't built until just the other day—1878—but like any other self-respecting private domain for gentlemen golfers, it has a set of relics that are said to be the oldest in Britain. Mr. A. Sweet proudly pointed to the trophy case and said those clubs were found in a cupboard wrapped in a newspaper dated 1741.

"I thank Laurie Auchterlome at St. Andrews is getting ready to discover a set from 1740," I said.

Mr. A. Sweet did not laugh.

The crass American would not think much of a clubhouse at a Scottish links, be it Troon or Prestwick or most anywhere. There are no tennis courts, of course, and no swimming pool. There is no Mixed Foursome Grill because there is no mixed. Which means no women or pros allowed inside. The pros stay in his wooden shack nearby, selling rain suits and mending clubs. The main clubhouse itself is for ex-wing commanders to eat lunch in—no smoking until after 2 p.m.—to change socks in before or after their daily 36 holes and to slump over their London *Times* in. If there is a shower stall down some creaking corridor, the water is chilled and hits you with all the force of a leak in the roof. On the walls of the dining room and the reading room, both of which are likely to offer a closeup view of the 18th green, will be portraits of a lot of men who look like George Washington but would rather be dead first. They will be ex-secretaries and ex-captains of the club who not only invented the mashie niblick but were survivors of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

If you are as poor at geography as I, you have to divide Scotland like this. The West Coast, where Troon and Prestwick and Turnberry are, and where I had been, is the Ireland side. From almost any point on those three courses, in other words, if you could see far enough, you would see Northern Ireland. This is also known to me as the Glasgow side which, even to the Scots, is not exactly Sunon Place. Where I was headed now was to the East Coast, the Edinburgh side, to the North Sea, to the more posh area of the country where St. Andrews, Muirfield and Carnoustie are.

There is a great deal more to Scotland than just this "golf belt," which embraces the land across the midsection from Troon to Muirfield. There is, for instance, way up north, the links of Dornoch. As good a test as any, according to Keith Mackenzie, but too far away for the R&A to transport its people, chestnut palings, gallery rope, scoreboards and tents for the Open Championship. Thanks, Dornoch, but Carnoustie is as far north as the R&A cares to travel.

Actually, if one could grease himself up and swim like Florence Chadwick, he could get to Carnoustie from St. Andrews in about 30 minutes. It is just across a bay. Driving, however, takes longer because cars have to go through Dundee, which is Yonkers with, as they say, less glamour.

From the viewpoint of providing difficulty for the top professional golfers, Carnoustie is surely the toughest course

in Scotland. It is long and windy and wet. It is also smoky, dreary and somber. It is a course with more of a sameness to it throughout than any other. Every hole begins to look like the one you've just played—unreachable. Even the names of the holes are unimaginative. The 2nd: Gulley. The 4th: Hillocks. The 6th: Long. The 11th: Dyke. The 18th: Home.

Carnoustie began to develop a distinction around the 5th hole, I thought. But maybe I felt this because my caddie had me primed. Here was the hole where The Wee Icemon, Ben Hogan, had chipped in for a birdie-3 in 1953 during the last round. It was where he had made the chip from the sand at the edge of the lower left bunker that launched him toward the British Open title the one and only time he ever played in the tournament.

"He stood right here," said Phillip, the caddie. "Aye, it was only a short flick of the wrist."

The 6th, too, had character, most of it provided by an imposing cable fence down the left side of the fairway. Periodically there would be a sign in red letters hanging on the fence that said:

"Do Not Touch Anything. It May Explode and Kill You." On the other side of the fence was a firing range used by the Ministry of Defense. The hole is 565 yards long and the Scots named it Hogan's Alley in '53, for Ben birdied it the last two rounds.

Phillip stopped at a point far beyond my toe shot down the fairway. "Here," he said, digging his shoe into the turf. "And here." He moved it a couple of inches. "Then here." He moved it another inch. "And over here." He moved his shoe about a foot.

"That's where the loomon drove it," he said.

From here until near the finish Carnoustie became something of a blur. The wind wouldn't give my four-wood a rest and the steady drizzle turned my under-and-over-cash-

continued



He probably cashed for Hogan at Haylake.

meries into about 700 pounds of inconvenient weight. The most fascinating landmark near the course, after the firing range, was a factory calling itself Anderson Cranes & Stone-Cutting Machinery.

"Phillip," I said, "Did anyone ever suggest to you that Carnoustie is *not* Amstres?"

Somewhere near the end, I vaguely recall, there is a Barry Burn that you have to cross about 30 times on the last three holes, which happen to be first a 243-yard 3-par into the gale that Jack Nicklaus finally reached with a driver in 1968, then a 438-yard par-4 that you are forced to lay up on off the tee and finally a 453-yard par-4 that I judged to be a driver, spoon and full eight-iron. With dry grips, maybe less.

As it turned out, I finished with a flourish. Good driver, good spoon, good eight-iron, four feet from the cup. Of course in my haste to have Phillip show me the spot where Hogan used to go to wring out his sweaters, I blew the putt. And with a number of people staring at me through the clubhouse window, too.

Muirfield is everything Carnoustie isn't. Muirfield is elegance and class, charm and dignity, convenience and pleasure. There is not a true distance on it, nor a fixed par, nor a name for a hole, but it is a course with a championship quality in the purest sense. There is not a tree or a bush or a burn, but there are those 165 bunkers, and they are trouble enough. It is the only course in Scotland that takes advantage and disadvantage of the full cycle of the wind, for the outgoing here goes clockwise and back to the clubhouse, and the back nine runs counterclockwise and returns. Par is probably 72, but it is easy to envision days when the winds would make it 76.

Muirfield is on the Firth of Forth between Gullane and North Berwick, not painfully far from Edinburgh. It is on a fine shore surrounded by estates, and one gets the idea that this area is to Edinburgh what the Hamptons are to New York City. Muirfield's clubhouse is noted for its spaciousness in comparison with other Scottish clubhouses, and its kitchen is esteemed for its cuisine. This, after all, is where The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers hangs out.

Directly next door to the huge stone clubhouse with its sprawling veranda and putting green is the Greywalls Hotel, where a member of The Honourable Company would stay. Greywalls fronts on the 9th green, and the Scots have long felt that part of the vast charm of Muirfield is that a fellow can stop after nine holes and grab a tap at Greywalls—the way Americans do at their courses.

The real charm of Muirfield is in its memorable fairness and its splendid pacing, both of which are much on the order of Merion, that gem of a battleground on Philadelphia's Main Line where every club comes out of the bag every round you play. Muirfield has short 5s and long 5s, short, bending 4s and long, narrow 4s, short, tricky 3s and long, reachable 3s. Its fairways are skinny but the lies are perfect, and there are shortcuts to be taken by the brave or long-hitting who wish to flirt with more bunkers than the eye can count.

Because of the eccentricities of the wind and the roll of the fairway, as well as, perhaps, the exaggerations of the caddies, one hears that Jack Nicklaus was able to drive the 407-yard 15th hole when he won the British Open there in 1966. But, they say, he had to lean on a three-wood coming back to reach the 198-yard 16th. It would be difficult to imagine a more implausible course on which Nicklaus could win a tournament, because the tightness would practically render his big drive useless. But as they say at Muirfield, "He one-ironed her."

The highest compliment anyone could pay Muirfield, I suppose, would be to say that it is a Hogan type of course. Distances are meaningless because of the wind, and Hogan always said they were meaningless, anyhow. Every shot has a look to it, he said, a certain feel. "I might hit a two-iron 150 yards," he often said.

I played Muirfield that way. My two-irons went 150 yards and frequently off the shank of the club to the right.

"This is the course," my caddie said, over and over. "This is the best of the lot."

"I'd like to see it sometime," I said.

There are a number of spectacular holes at Muirfield, but the 6th is perhaps the finest. It is a par-4—sometimes a par-5—of 475 yards or thereabouts, an uphill-downhill dogleg left that curls around a battered rock wall which separates the course from an archery field. The landing area for the tee shot is no more than 20 yards across and deep bunkers patrol it. With a career drive you can then get close to home with a career three-wood to a rolling green, again framed by bunkers.

"What a hole," I said to the caddie as I stood there considering the three-wood.

"Have a good go with the spoon," he said. "But a word of caution, Sir. A ball played into Acrefield Wood is irrecoverable."

The mystique of Muirfield lingers on. So does the memory of Carnoustie's foreboding. So does the scenic wonder of Turnberry and the haunting incredibility of Prestwick and the pleasant deception of Troon. But put them all together and St. Andrews can play their low ball for atmosphere.

To begin with, St. Andrews is an old university town. Spices rise up over narrow streets littered with shops and cozy pubs. Students wearing red cloaks are bicycling around. Statues confront the stroller. An inn is here and there, and the North Sea just beyond.

There are four golf courses at St. Andrews. Old, New, Eden and Jubilee, and they are all available to the public. The New Course is over 70 years old. Try that on for nostalgia. But no one, of course, is ever concerned about anything but the Old. The Old Course is St. Andrews, the R&A, all of those famed hazards. It is Jones, Vardon, Hagen and Old and Young Tom Morris, and Keith Mackenzie standing on the balcony of his office in the R&A building just above the first tee surveying the layout through a pair of mounted German submarine binoculars.

I was fortunate enough to secure lodging in The Old Course Hotel. Thus I could walk out on my terrace and sit

was all there directly below me. To my left, the course stretching out to the 11th green, and to my right, a matchless view of the 18th fairway leading up through the Valley of Sin, with Rusacks Hotel standing there as it is supposed to be, and with the great gray edifice of the Royal and Ancient clubhouse forming a backdrop.

The Old Course has been called a lot of things because, at first glance, it looks like nothing more than a flat, green city park. Some Americans have labeled it a "third-rate municipal course," and a "football field," but Bob Jones knew its subtleties better. It was, he said, the one course he would play forever if he could choose just one.

Two things strike the first-timer at St. Andrews immediately. First, the double greens. No less than 14 holes share the same enormous putting surfaces, the 2nd also being the 16th and that sort of thing. There are two flags, naturally, and often they will be as far as 80 yards apart, with many a dip and turn between them. The erring shot-maker is apt to find the longest putts in golf at St. Andrews. Secondly, the Old Course has some heavenly aspects for one with a chronic hook. The first nine goes straight out, you see, with all of the heather and the sea on your right. And the back nine returns, parallel, giving the hooker all of those outgoing fairways to land on.

The mystery of why no golfer has ever been able to tear apart the Old Course—278 is the lowest a winner has shot in the British Open there—lies in the wind and the putting, and in the fantastically perfect location of such hazards as Hell Bunker, a deep and somewhat inescapable pit at the 14th; the Swilken Burn, a small brook that rushes right up against the green of the 1st hole and catches many a soft nine-iron, and the Valley of Sin, the cavernous lower level of the 18th green from which three-putts, and even four-putts, are commonplace.

I attacked the Old Course in the company of Ginger Johnson, who had been caddying there for merely 45 years. For a few holes he thought he had Henry Cotton again. The wind was behind, and my shank, my top, my slice and my putting jerk seemed to have disappeared. Through the 10th I was only one over par, and I said to Ginger:

"I think I'm bringing the Old Course to its knees."
And Ginger said, "Aye, you made a putt or two, Sir. But now we go home into the wind."

In rapid order, I was lost in the Elysian Fields, lost in the Beardies, trapped in Hell Bunker, gouged in the Principal's Nose, over the fence, smothered in heather and even out of bounds on an overhang of The Old Course Hotel at the Road Hole. Finally I limped up the 18th fairway en route to the Valley of Sin. Par for 86.

"You had a wee bit of hard luck," Ginger said. "But it can't spoil the fact that as we cum up the 18th, we sense a wee bit of tradition, don't we?"

Keth Mackenzie peered down from his balcony as I walked onto the green. I putted out a straight-in four-footer that broke six inches. The secretary motioned me up for lunch in the R&A dining room—no smoking at all. I toured the club and reread the letter that Isaac Granger, then USGA president, had written to the R&A on the occasion of its 200th birthday.

Granger said, in part: "What golf has of honor, what it has of justice, of fair play, of good fellowship and sportsmanship—in a word, what is best in golf—is almost surely traceable to the inspiration of the Royal and Ancient."

I thought of those words again as I strolled back outside to stand and look at the sea and at the town and all across the gentle green sweep of the Old Course—the oldest course.

I had been there all of my life.

END

The 18th at St. Andrews—perhaps where it all began, certainly where it all ought to end.



PEOPLE

"He'll wrestle under his own name," said the trainer and adviser of one of the grapplers on this week's program in Waverly, Ohio. "There couldn't be a better drawing card." Possibly not. The wrestler is Dr. Sam Sheppard, who is making his debut in the Waverly High gym against a pro known around Columbus as Wild Bill Schell. The match is sponsored by Dr. William Wiltberger, a former Golden Gloves boxer and amateur wrestler himself, for the benefit of cancer research. Wiltberger met Sheppard some years ago in the Ohio Penitentiary, where Wiltberger performed surgery while Dr. Sam was serving a sentence for murder, a charge of which he was acquitted in 1966. During the almost 10 years he spent in prison Sheppard did some wrestling—it was the sport he had been interested in as a young man, before he chose empathy

as a career. Sheppard is reported to be in fine shape, trim at 195 pounds to his opponent's somewhat less than 285, and Dr. Wiltberger says happily of the event, "It is a real moneymaker. It's different and it's nice."

♦ "I never had a day's fishing like this before in my life," said Jonathan Winters, properly bluffed after the final day of the Bermuda International Light Tackle Fishing Tournament. Winters was the individual winner and captain of the winning team, which amassed enough points to make *El Conquistador*, skippered by Noel Palma (below, left, with Winters, who is holding trophy), the winning boat. After a slow start, Winters, using 12-pound test, hauled in four blackfin tuna, two rainbow runners, one horse-eye bonyto and a barracuda—well over 100 pounds of fish—in the final six hours of the tournament. Prizes were awarded by Bermuda's governor, Lord Marjones, and Winters favored the assembly with a sketch in which he played, in the other sense of the word, a fish.

Mrs. Lance Restzel, who is still more widely known as Joey Heatherton, dropped by the Cowboys' training camp recently and reported on her progress with the names of pro football players. She does recognize No. 19 on the Cowboys (Restzel). "and," she added, "Joe Namath and the one they call The Scrambler, with the girl's name."

★ Teddy Tining, England's fashionable designer of tennis clothes (SI, July 7), is taking his first holiday in years, and he is to be found not on the tennis courts of Monte Carlo but in the bowling alleys of Shaker Heights,



Ohio. Bowling, the 59-year-old Tining reports, has replaced tennis in his life. "In London I bowl four and sometimes five nights a week," he says. "I find that bowling for two hours gives me about a quarter of the exercise that tennis used to. I must be involved in a sport that doesn't take account of the weather, and bowling is a revitalization for me at my age." Tining is involved indeed. In addition to bowling he sponsors a team, the 11's, which won the Surrey Comet League Championship in 1966 and 1968 and was runner-up in 1967 and 1969, and he is chairman of the selection committee of the British Ten Pin Bowling Association. "I can tell winners from losers in any game," says Tining.

Oregon Basketball Coach Steve Belko is known for his snappy repartee, and during the ques-

tion period following a lecture at a boys' camp he reeled off answers for nearly two hours—until, that is, one boy asked, "Why did you have to come during swimming period?"

"For my little boy," is a standard explanation of a request for an autograph, but Frank Gifford, at the Firesome Country Club in Akron, was told, "It's for the belly dancer from Yankee." She was too embarrassed to come in and ask you herself.

"I'll take a lie detector test on this," says Pete Perreault, a former Cincinnati Bengal lineman now with the Jets. "We found out about an all-you-can-eat seafood restaurant outside of Cincinnati, the Imperial House, and Steve Chomyszak [a 280-pound defensive tackle] ate 15 whole lobsters, eight dozen shrimp, a platter of every kind of fish they had, another platter of roast beef, two bottles of wine and two whole pies. John Matlock [a center] was with us, and he got so embarrassed that he went out in the lobby and waited for us. The maître d' came over to the table three times. The third time he asked Steve please to leave. He said he didn't even have to pay anything if he'd just leave." Chomyszak did. As Perreault explains, "He was finishing his second pie anyway, so he didn't mind."

"When I made the list of top 10 hitters," observes Lou Piniella of the Kansas City Royals, "I started getting a lot of mail, mostly from bill collectors." At least the bill collectors spelled his name right. The letter of congratulation he received from Governor Claude Kirk of Florida was addressed to Lou Piniella.





RUM COLLINS

-how to make it

Nobody knows where the word "collins" came from. But the drink itself was first concocted with rum, by an innkeeper during the American Revolution. Still unbeatable.

1 oz. lemon juice, 1 tsp. sugar (or, use a prepared collins mix). Add 2 oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum, shake with ice, strain into a tall glass full of ice cubes, and top with water or club soda.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1



A well-rounded way to live

Bob and Laura Benson live in four geodesic domes in Nags Head, N.C.—a sort of outer-space touch in a down-to-earth neighborhood. The domes took shape one by one in a sudden space-age way. In the morning there was nothing but sand dunes and sea oats. By evening, a full-fledged dome—60 triangular space frames—had been neatly bolted together. Joints between the Douglas fir plywood triangles were weatherproofed by caulking and then covered with tape. Finally painted a brilliant white inside and out, the four domes now flash in the sun. One is the Bensons' living room, kitchen and utility room, one is the master bedroom and bath, and the third is partitioned into two guest rooms with baths. The fourth is Bob Benson's studio.

For Bob and Laura Benson the choice of the Outer Banks for a vacation house is a good one—there is plenty of surfing, fishing and hunting for wild duck and brant. Laura Benson is the daughter of Pete Bostwick, considered the best amateur rider and polo player this country has ever produced. Her brother Pete is the world champion court tennis player. Bob Benson, who played football at Duke, gave up the idea of a career in professional football to become a painter. At Duke he played with Sonny Jurgensen, now of the Redskins, who says that the pro game lost a very

good defensive end to the art world.

The Benson house did not come from an architect's drawing board. A geodesic dome is prefabricated, and the assembly plans put it simply enough: "It is a geometrical joining of materials in such a fashion that it covers a maximum area with a minimum of materials and has the highest strength rating per weight of any structure ever conceived by man."

The man who conceived this remarkable structure is the widely known R. Buckminster Fuller. Fuller is not an architect but a designer dedicated to the future forms of our environment. He has been trying to revolutionize our life-style since 1927, when he devised the Dymaxion House (dymaxion = dynamics maximum efficiency), a prefabricated, scientifically planned dwelling that could be erected in a day. The Bensons' dome home is a mathematical progression from Fuller's Dymaxion House, and of all his designs it is the geodesic dome that has really caught the public fancy.

Currently, at least five companies manufacture wooden versions of the domes in the U.S. The Bensons bought theirs from Geodesic Domes, Inc. of Plainsburgh, N.Y. Each dome cost \$2,600 and measures 1,100 square feet, 39 feet in diameter and 16 feet 6½ inches high at the highest point. Ten skylights come with the package, but windows, doors and insulation materials are extra. After the four domes were lighted, heated, air conditioned and insulated, the Bensons calculated that their house had cost about \$13 a square foot. Next, 10,000



OUTER-SPACE THERE is applied to the inside with white furniture, designed by the owner, and modern table with a built-in lazy Susan.

beach grass plants were needed to shore up the dunes—but the Bensons say they can plant 1,000 in two hours, which must be some sort of record.

With domes sprouting up all over the country, it is difficult to estimate how many are actually lived in. Zoning restrictions often make life hard for the would-be dome dweller. Even the Bensons, who have the courage of their convictions, admit to a feeling of self-consciousness among the Outer Bankers' neat frame houses. A sign at the bottom of the Benson driveway announces, "Warning! U.S. Electrovisual Services. Do Not Enter." It's a ploy to give the whole thing that space project air.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

GEODESIC DOMES make a futuristic home on North Carolina shore. Three domes are connected, the fourth (foreground) is a studio.



They all laughed when Peter turned left

But the left way was right for Rittmaster's 'American Mopple,' which zoomed away from the Verrazano Bridge (above) and then crept the tossing Atlantic to finish first in the Hennessy New York Grand Prix powerboat race

The whole scene was too soggy, first, a fortnight of rain and drizzle had threatened to turn New York City itself into an ocean. Then the real ocean, strewn as usual with rotten wood, discarded beer cans and other detritus of civilization, looked a lot like New York City. More tinsid sports would shy away from such conditions. Not offshore powerboat racers. Soaked and happy, they roared out of The Narrows and into the Atlantic last week to make their own contribution to the seashore clutter. And when it was all over after, oh, say, seven hours of misty confusion, a majority had managed to get briefly lost.

By powerboat standards, the Hennessy New York Grand Prix was a bang-up race. Everybody was battered. Only seven of the 530,000-plus boats crossed the finish line, and the bruised hulls of the nine others were scattered far and wide in the waters off New Jersey and Long Island.

Before the race got under way, there had been talk that the world offshore speed record, an average 74.3 mph set in Italy only a week earlier by Floridan

Don Aronow, might be broken again. But speed records are seldom broken by racers who have to stop and ask the way. And so, not long after the race began, none of the headiest drivers, Aronow among them, careened through eight-foot seas and a heavy haze—only to wind up as much as 30 miles off in the wrong direction. While they were still trying to get their bearings, Peter Rittmaster, the 28-year-old president of Miami's Bertram Yacht company, was creeping tortoiselike through the water. And by the novel expedient of staying more or less on course, he nudged his log-battered boat into a big lead.

Rittmaster's *American Mopple*, a 32-foot Bertram propelled by twin 475-hp Mercruiser engines, is said to be potentially the fastest boat in offshore racing. But it had managed only a second and third in its two previous runs, and Rittmaster, in fact, had never won a race in his three years as an ocean driver. Only too aware of what that seemed to say about his ability at the helm, he insisted before the race that his boat was actually slower than either Aronow's

The Cigarette or *Boss O'Nova* driven by New Yorker Bill Wishnick. "They've got speed on me," Rittmaster deadpanned. Then he added prophetically, "But I'm a better navigator."

The first leg of the triangular 222.5-mile course, a 43-mile dash southward along the New Jersey shore, proved to be the toughest. The earliest hazards came right at the starting line beneath the graceful arch of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. The waterlogged remains of wasted boats and washed-away piers littered the surface along with oil drums, cardboard boxes and more ordinary garbage. Once the race began, the body of a man, believed dead for more than a week, was found floating about 300 yards from one of the starting boats.

Then, churning out from the starting line, Rittmaster and Aronow almost immediately slammed into the same out-sized chunk of wood. Race officials and drivers later swore that they saw Aronow's riding mechanic, Barry Cordingley, thrown from *The Cigarette*, probably forgetting that there was hardly room for anything else in the water. Actually

Cordingly had climbed onto the aft hatches to check for damage. "They probably saw the splash and then saw me out of the cockpit," Cordingly said. "And so they thought I'd been thrown."

No sooner did Rittmaster and Aronow get back into the race than *American Mopie* struck still another log. While Rittmaster stopped to pick the wood from his outdrive unit, one boat after another whizzed by him on the way south to Point Pleasant, N.J. There the course called for the racers to make a sharp left and cut around a checkpoint boat toward Shinnecock Inlet, Long Island. The craft they were supposed to go around was a 57-foot Chris-Craft appropriately named *Cloud 9*.

That was the turning point in the race: most of the boats neglected to make the turn. Among the first to breeze merrily by were New Yorker Barry Cohen in *Aquarius* and Miami Beach's Jerry Langer in *Dog Catcher*. "I thought I saw the checkpoint," said Langer. "But I also saw Barry and I figured Barry was a New York boy and knew these waters—so I stuck with him."

Others in the pack that swept past Point Pleasant told the tale of a man in a fishing boat waving them farther south. Aronow, like several other drivers, contended that *Cloud 9* was farther offshore than the 2½ miles it was supposed to be. But the most embarrassed of all was Wisnick, who rents a summer home at Point Pleasant and knows the waters.

When Rittmaster, riding with the tip of one propeller blade shorn off by one of the logs, finally reached Point Pleasant, he had no trouble finding the checkpoint. He made the turn—closely followed by Pat Duffy, a Mount Clemens, Mich. marine dealer who was driving the considerably slower, outboard-powered *Janie D*. As far as Rittmaster knew at the time, he and Duffy were the last two boats to swing around the checkpoint rather than the first two. There were, however, telltale wakes heading south to indicate that at least somebody had missed the turn.

"Then I saw a fellow in a big Chris-Craft make a 'No. 1' signal with his hand," said Rittmaster, "and I started to wonder: Could I really be in first?"

The racers who had overshot Point Pleasant, meanwhile, were holding a manic race-within-a-race. Barry Cohen, sensing his mistake about 12 miles south of the checkpoint, started to correct his

course. Then he saw a flotilla of south-bound boats rushing toward him and, deciding to stick with the others, kept on going the wrong way. "It was crazy," said Cohen. "I was disoriented."

After Wisnick realized how far astray he had wandered, he dropped out of the race. He had wasted so much fuel that there was not enough left to travel all the way to Shinnecock and back to the finish line at the Verrazano Bridge. Aronow and Cohens eventually got their boats back on course only to experience engine breakdowns while trying to make up for lost time. Of all those involved in the Great Point Pleasant Goof, the only driver to get back into contention was Jerry Langer, who pushed *Dog Catcher* at a breakneck pace the rest of the way to finish third.

Rittmaster returned to the Verrazano in four hours and 38 minutes with Duffy's *Janie D* in his wake. His victory, added to points won in previous races,

moved him into second place in national championship competition behind Aronow. (Aronow promptly compensated by winning the 200-mile Dauphin d'Or race in France over the weekend, and currently is in the first spot on the world-title level.)

Rittmaster was now ready to concede—or claim—that his *American Mopie* was indeed the fastest oceangoing powerboat around. Yet there is still no way of knowing for sure, for his first victory had been a triumph of navigation and endurance rather than speed. (Immediately after the race Rittmaster credited his navigator, Bob Schiftenhaus, with knowing enough to "follow the compass instead of the pack.")

Noting that Rittmaster's average had been a rather poky 48.9 mph, one of the losing drivers scoffed, "There was only one reason he won. He was going slow enough to see that damned checkpoint."

END



SAFELY HOME, PETER RITTMASER (RIGHT) RECEIVES THE TROPHY

A high one is hiding out

The years have been kind to Curly Smart. Oh, maybe his body and reflexes have slowed just a bit—no longer those of the daring young driver who used to delight the crowds at New York's big harness racing plants, Roosevelt and Yonkers. But Curly is as healthy as any 64-year-old anywhere, and his face is lined with happy wrinkles, and he still sits there in the sulky, stiff as a board, elbows tucked in tight, his head moving from side

to side as he looks for the edge to yet another victory.

It has been a full decade since that day when Curly, having tired of the cities and the travel and all the other pressures of the big time, decided that he would take his stable back home for good and race almost exclusively at those tracks "where I can go home at night and, you know, sleep in my own bed." So, his bed being in a big two-story, white frame house in Delaware, Ohio, Curly has contented himself with racing primarily at the Delaware County Fairgrounds and nearby Scioto Downs, outside Columbus—with side trips, for fun, to the county fairs in little places like Attica, Troy, and Washington Court House. "Shoot," says Curly, "I'd rather pick beans out here than go back up there to race in New York."

The reward for Curly's outrageous chauvinism has been his elevation to the status of folk hero, first-class. Around his little domain Curly is known by everyone as "grampaw," or, grandiloquently, "the squire of Delaware," and he cannot get through lunch at Bun's Bakery and Restaurant in downtown Delaware without at least a dozen friends stopping to shake his hand or bend his ear.

There are almost as many Curly Smart stories told in central Ohio as there are Woody Hayes stories, most of them dealing with how Curly always has something in his barn—or up his sleeve—to win the big races. And while the fans who frequent Delaware and Scioto sometimes harass Curly more or less good-naturedly when one of his odds-on favorites loses, they never fail to back him heavily at the window. "Curly would be the favorite," said one oldtimer at Scioto last Friday night, "if he drove a Billy goat out there."

In nearly 45 years of racing and more than 1,800 victories, Curly has won almost every prize except the biggest of them all, The Hambletonian. He has driven a horse in that classic five times, the first in 1940, but, says Curly, "I've never come close, that's for sure." But now, as this year's Hambo draws near, Curly is bringing along a monster of a trotter, Hiland Hill, who has been the object of much speculation and apprehension among those with Hambo prospects.

Typically, instead of racing in the East, Curly has kept Hiland Hill secluded in Ohio, where he could develop slowly and quietly. Nobody paid much attention un-

til early July, when one of The Hambletonian front-runners, Dayan, ventured into Scioto Downs and promptly lost to Hiland Hill by a neck in 1:59½—the best time for a 3-year-old trotter this season and only ½ of a second off Nevele Pride's world record for a five-eighth-mile track. Suddenly the notoriety was born that came The Hambletonian on August 27 in Du Quoin, Ill.; Curly and Hiland Hill would trot out of the boondocks and ambush everyone in sight.

"He must be good," said one of Dayan's owners, Eric Kirstein, when he returned East, rueful and still incredulous. "Any colt who can beat mine like that has got to be pretty tough."

Thus a good deal of excitement was generated around Scioto Friday night when Hiland Hill trotted out to race five opponents, the most noteworthy this time being Lindy's Pride, the latest Hambletonian favorite by virtue of his recent victory in the \$100,000 Yonkers Futurity, first leg of trotting's Triple Crown.

Curly was less concerned about Lindy's Pride than with his colt's condition. The previous week Hiland Hill had been beaten by an older horse, Grandpa Jim. "I softened up on him after he beat Dayan, and that may be why he lost," said Curly. "Now I've got to try to get him back to where he was then."

The race turned out about like Curly expected: the winner once more was Grandpa Jim, who took the lead away from Lindy's Pride after a quarter of a mile, then pulled away down the stretch for an easy victory. Two and a quarter lengths behind, in second, was Lindy's Pride, while Hiland Hill ran into some traffic in the last turn and finished fourth, a quarter length behind another older horse, Steamin Missile, and three lengths behind Lindy's Pride. It was not a virtuosic performance, but nobody in the know seemed upset.

"I think that all Curly is worrying about now is The Hambletonian," said Hiland's owner, Dr. John Jackman. "This race tonight didn't mean enough for him to push the colt. All he wants to do now, I think, is to get him tight, like he was against Dayan."

Even if it develops that he is not the best Hambletonian prospect, Hiland Hill is at least the biggest, standing a whopping 17 hands and one inch, which is 69 inches in layman terms. He was so big even as a yearling, recalls his breeder, Charlie Hill, who also is the pres-

continued



CURLY SMART SETS UP AN AMBUSH



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HARNESS RACING *continued*

ident of Scoto Downs, "that he was an ugly duckling, big and clumsy." Hill even offered to sell Hiland Hill to a friend, but the deal fell through. So Hiland was put up for sale in 1967 at Harnsburg, Pa., where Dr. Jackman, 78, a sedate, white-haired Columbus veterinarian, bought him for a bargain \$2,700.

As a 2-year-old Hiland Hill raced 19 times and won seven, but the top colts, including Lindy's Pride, were beating him by as many as 20 lengths. Then last January, Doc Jackman turned Hiland Hill over to his longtime friend Curly Smart.

Since beginning his happy exile in Ohio, Curly, the driving champion at both Yonkers and Roosevelt some 20 years ago, has been busier than ever. Training and driving are almost secondary to Curly now, but he had agreed to do what he could with Hiland Hill.

First he straightened out Hiland Hill's gait. Then the hard work began. Hiland Hill trotted 30 miles a week, four weeks a month, for five months. "There's a saying around here," says Doc Jackman, "that when Curly puts a horse in a race, you know he's ready or he wouldn't be there." Curly finally deemed Hiland Hill ready in June, and the colt won his first three straight, hitting a peak against Dayan. Then, as Curly says, "I softened up on him. . . . He might have been a hair too ready, and I didn't want to put a cramp in him."

After the victory over Dayan, Doc Jackman received a telegram from an agent whose anonymous client was prepared to buy the colt for \$75,000. While Doc was kicking that around, the offer went to \$85,000, then \$100,000. After the last offer, when Jackman still was hesitating, the eager bidder sent another telegram offering to pay the necessary \$4.05 cable costs if only he would answer the wire. "I wouldn't sell him now in any case," said Jackman, "not when the fun is just ready to start."

Which brings up another matter. If Curly is so set against leaving Ohio, how is Doc Jackman going to get him out to Du Quoin for The Hambletonian? "Oh, we'll get him over there," says Jackman. "And he doesn't know it yet, but we may get him talked into going to California later this fall."

"Hmmpf," said Curly, outrageously twisting a maxim of the late George M. Cohan, "when you leave Ohio you're just camping out."

END

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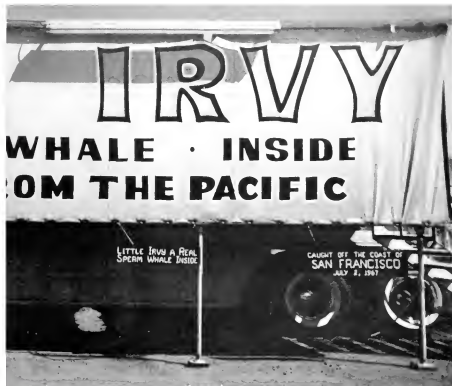
Jerry Malone figured it this way: all the world loves a whole and not enough people have seen one. So he hit the road in his beautiful truck and now has—beg your pardon—a whole of a business

by FRANK DEFORD

Charlotte goes first, driving the camper. She handles such an outsized vehicle well, but in the cities she usually forgets after a turn and leaves the blinker light on. Jerry, her husband, follows her in Old Blue, which is a whalewall, wide-nosed Kenworth with \$6,000 worth of highly polished chrome, a 335 Cummins diesel engine, a four-by-four gearbox, a Jacobs brake and 46 dashboard dials and buttons.

Jerry has a special contoured driving seat for himself and snappy tuck-and-roll upholstery in the air-conditioned cab, although, of course, he never has to curl up in the sleeper behind the cab since he and Charlotte have a queen-sized bed in the camper and all the other comforts of a stationary home. Still, Little Irvy, lying on his I-beam cradle inside the Thermo King trailer in the back, appears even more comfortable.

The people wave in the passing cars, and Jerry pulls his



horn in acknowledgment, although he is never quite sure whether they are greeting Little Irvy or Old Blue, since both are one of a kind. Little Irvy is the only, and the ugliest, traveling whale in the world. Old Blue is the most beautiful truck in the world: all shades of blue—powder and azure and deep royal—the prize of the Interstates, a glorious galleon tossing along the swells of the highways. Just the thought of it all makes Jerry break into song sometimes, as he does now, shifting through some of his 16 gears down toward the crest of a hill.

"Little Irvy, Little Irvy, colossal 'n' frozen, what a show,
Little Irvy, in Old Blue, they're always on the go."

Little Irvy weighs 20 tons, most of it blubber, the rest meat and oil, and he reclines at something more than 38

feet long. He has been dead—or more euphemistically, refrigerated—for more than two years now, and more than half a million people have seen him, including at least 50,000 underprivileged children that Jerry has let in on the cuff. All the others are separated from 35¢ for the privilege.

Everybody the world over, it seems, has a fascination for whales, and people have been paying to see them exhibited at least since 1861, when P. T. Barnum himself brought two small dying whale whales to his New York museum. It was left, however, to Jerry Malone, onetime used-car salesman of Visalia, Calif., to first manage to freeze a whole whale and put it on the road. By now, Little Irvy, who debuted at Fisherman's Wharf in 1967, has traveled about 25,000 miles of the United States and Canada, which is probably more than he ever managed without Old Blue in the Pacific Ocean. This thought pleases

crossroad



Jerry, for he has grown somewhat attached to Little Ivy, invariably referring to him as "my whale" and to the whole enterprise as "the whale business," as if it were a thriving national industry on the order of electronics or life insurance.

Certainly, he prefers not to dismiss Little Ivy as just another large meal ticket. "I've thought about my whale so much," Jerry says, "that most times it seems like he is part of me. I look at it this way: if Little Ivy wasn't here in my truck, going all over the country and becoming famous, he'd just be oil and dogmeat by now. So I can't feel bad about him frozen. I just put him and say, 'Hey, you ugly, smelly son of a gun, I love you.'"

Little Ivy is entitled to such a wealth of affection. To bring him in and refrigerate him cost \$12,000. Old Blue is an \$80,000 truck. The camper, incidentals and the interest on the loan has made "framing" Little Ivy, as they say in the amusement world, a \$125,000 proposition, but the American love of whales (and trucks) should pay that off in less than the four years Jerry originally figured. Then, as humorists tell him about 593 times a day, he will really have a whale of a deal.

The scheme is marred only by a few disgruntled patrons. "Many people," Barnum wrote, "have such a horror of being taken in, or such an elevated opinion of their own acuteness, that they believe everything to be a sham, and in this way are continually humbugging themselves." The modern examples of this thesis are upset when they discover that Little Ivy is not frozen alive. Presumably, these people are under no parallel delusion that the Bird's Eye Brussels sprouts they purchase at the supermarket

may be thawed and replanted, but they pay their 35¢ on the premise that Little Ivy, though somewhat larger than a garden vegetable, will himself be brought back to a more active existence. "What, you mean that whale is dead?" they declare after careful examination. "I paid 35¢ to see a dead whale!"

Others are even more disturbed, since they altogether overlook billboard references to Little Ivy's glacial status and actually expect to find him, all 20 tons and 38 feet, splashing about in the 40-foot trailer.

A few weeks ago in Portland, Ore. a woman in pink plastic hair curlers asked if Little Ivy did any tricks. "Yeah, he does one trick and he does it real well," Jerry said. "He plays dead." Hardly had she left before a sedate, well-dressed older gentleman inquired. "Do they take him out and let him exercise in an aquarium every now and then?" Such sorts have periodically sided societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals on Malone. Others have asked Charlotte in the ticket booth if peanuts could be obtained so that they might feed Little Ivy. Still others, extreme self-humblers, have simply cursed her graphically for exhibiting a dead whale.

Charlotte is a pretty, 25-year-old redhead who met Jerry when she was working in a Visalia bank. This was a good place to meet, since Jerry's roller-coaster business career has made him at home in loan departments. Bright and friendly, she has learned to shrug off the vitriol. "It used to bother me," Charlotte says, "but then I've seen people get mad at *free* shows, so at last I just decided it wasn't us—it was them—and I forgot about it."

Jerry says: "People want to know, why don't you put



Inside the trailer, Little Ivy is flaking and peeling a bit, but he does it all quietly. Some people expect to see him splashing around in there

DEAD WHALE in big letters on the side of your truck, and I tell you I don't put DEAD WHALE in big letters on the side of my truck for the same reason that banks don't put 12½% INTEREST in big letters on their front windows."

Anyway, Jerry views Little Irvy as more of an adjunct to institutional education, and the 4½-minute recorded lecture that a visitor hears while inspecting Little Irvy details various habits, dimensions and peccadilloes of whales. Such as, "He is not dangerous, but capable of swallowing a man over 200 pounds." Jerry is disappointed to hear that the Smithsonian has no real whale on display and he toys with the idea of offering them Little Irvy when his traveling days are through.

Already Malone is looking ahead to an especially sophisticated whale show that would ply a more cosmopolitan circuit than Little Irvy's tour of shopping centers and fairs. "Now, when I get my second whale," Jerry says, his blue eyes dancing, "I'm going to get me a professor to travel with it and make it real educational. We'll play schools and colleges. I was thinking maybe I'll get a much bigger whale than Little Irvy and cut it in two and carry it in a set of doubles—that's a cab pulling two trailers linked together. I'll have to work it all out but then I'd have it so you could look right inside the whale, and when you got out of there, hey, you'd know whales."

To help patrons become more familiar with whales now, Malone not only has the recording going, but little signs describing various points of interest are pasted all over Little Irvy, making him look rather as though he has been stamped for mailing by a haphazard post office employee. HERE IS WHERE LITTLE IRVY EXHALED HOT AIR WHICH CONDENSED AND TURNED TO STEAM, says one. And if you were to wet LITTLE IRVY'S SKIN, IT WOULD BECOME SOFT LIKE VELVET. The latter is important, because in the dry cold of the trailer Little Irvy's skin has begun to peel with a freezer burn, making him rather unsightly. "Believe me, madam," Jerry told a suspicious matron, "if I was gonna make me a fake whale, you don't think I'd make him as ugly as this, do you?"

However, despite all the signs and other visual aids—including color pictures of Little Irvy being harpooned and the actual murder weapon itself—many whale watchers leave unimproved. In the South they depart still calling him "Little Ivory," and now, in Portland, following the most careful recorded explanation about how whales are mammals, a large woman in tight-fitting pastel slacks points and tells her barefooted son "There, you see, that's the biggest fish in the world."

A helpful bystander, moving the six feet down from Little Irvy's 42 teeth to his glass eye, politely corrects the mother. "No, ma'am, he's not a fish, he's a mammal." The woman, turning away from an inspection of Little Irvy's fatal harpoon wound, only glares back, at last addressing herself again only to the boy. "Fish are in the sea," she tells him, and the youngster, a bit shaken by the giant

squid perched on Little Irvy's back, nods gratefully at this assurance of the verities of life.

Outside now, Jerry beckons to Charlotte to abandon the ticket booth. "Come on," he says, "we got to pull a Hank Snow." Hank Snow sang a big hit once called *I'm Movin' On*. It takes an hour or so to strike the set, to pull the sides over Little Irvy's glass window and to be on the way to the next stop, this time Winnipeg. Jerry is already in the cab, warming up Old Blue for the long trip. Charlotte starts to move out. "Well," he says, looking back fondly, "there's 8,000 more people walking around without 35c in their pockets."

The desire to see whales never seems to lag. In the 19th century the fact that they were the prime source of oil and that Melville had glamorized them with *Moby Dick*—who, like Little Irvy, was a sperm whale—may have accounted for the fascination. But then, and always, it is just that they are so big. For every year since 1908 the most popular exhibit at the Museum of Natural History in New York has been the replica of a blue whale, the largest creature on land or sea that God ever put the breath of life into. The newest model is 94 feet long, made of polyurethane foam and fiber glass and it cost nearly \$300,000.

Whales petted enough to remain alive in confinement are always the hit of marine shows, and Namu, the five-ton killer whale who was captured and held in a Seattle aquarium four years ago, became a nationwide celebrity before he passed on. Mrs. Haroy, a 70-ton finback who had been hollowed out and reinforced with steel and concrete, made a small fortune for her Danish owner with

continued



Malone's anguished truck comes in blue tones and \$5,000 worth of chrome



European appearances in the 1950s. Despite being soaked with 8,000 quarts of formaldehyde, Mrs. Harrey became somewhat odiferous on her maiden visit to the U.S. and was at last dispatched to a grave on Staten Island. Presumably, there are enough other exotic beasts in the heart of Africa to diminish whale curiosity, but only two years ago a dead whale named Jonas, 66 feet in length, tumbled off a flat truck taking him to display at the annual Zambia trade fair and blocked traffic on the main road from Rhodesia for some time.

It was not uncommon in the United States well into this century for entrepreneurs to haul dead whales about on railroad flatcars. The fly-by-night promoters would run a spur line right down into the ocean, hoist a harpooned whale on the car and tote the monster around until the stench overcame even the most determined curiosity. Too often, when a whale reached this state of decay, the quick-buck operator would simply have him pruned off the flatcar, leaving a dandy problem for the surprised local firemen and constabulary to argue about. There were a sufficient number of whale carcasses dropped throughout the country so that ordinances were hastily drafted in several states prohibiting the immigration of deceased whales.

Occasionally, a modern trooper conversant with such an obscure law has detained Little Irvy as he crossed a state line, but so far Little Irvy has eventually been accepted in all the states and nations that he has desired to enter. Malone, the signal authority on the subject, says that Little Irvy only smells "20% as bad" as he originally did and, besides, however gummy he might be, he is prevented from assaulting the noses of customers and law enforcement officials by two thicknesses of glass. A regular Thermo King truck refrigeration unit that costs only 25¢ an hour to operate keeps Little Irvy's quarters at approximately 5° below zero Fahrenheit, and the carcass itself measures down to better than 300° below. It took 40 tons of liquid nitrogen, pumped in and around Little Irvy, to freeze him. "I could keep Little Irvy frozen and run my show if it were 120° in the middle of the Sahara Desert," Jerry says.

"I knew if I was going to make it, I had to be self-sufficient. That, and the whole thing had to be framed beautifully. I knew I had a good thing—nobody would ever call Little Irvy a 'California show,' which is what they call them if they're all flash outside and nothing inside—but even if you really got something inside, you've still got to be beautiful outside. And you can't beat Old Blue for that. The only thing I changed was at first Charlotte and me were in all these special blue-and-white outfits. Why, I had 543 Bostonian shoes, \$37 slacks, the works. But people figured we had to be making too much money to be dressed like that, so we just started dressing regular."

Now, he shifted gears down again, because they were heading up past Mullan, Idaho into the mountains on the way to Missoula, Mont., which looked like a good place

to spend the night. They never really stay anywhere; they just pull off the road and sleep wherever it is convenient and there is room for the rolling stock. This night, it was on a lot full of John Deere tractors and Case-Beloit industrial machinery right on the main drag in Missoula next to the 48s Café. "We never slept in a tractor lot before," Jerry observed to Charlotte.

There was an old man with his pickup truck there to greet them in the morning. He was walking around Old Blue, communing with it, wanting to touch it but not daring to. Jerry came out of the camper and told him all about Little Irvy inside, 20-ton, 38-foot, etc., but the old man didn't care. "You can keep the whale," he said, "just let me have this here truck. This truck is too pretty for any man to drive on the road." Jerry gave him a picture postcard of the truck. At most cafés and diesel stations where he stops, the people want to have a picture of Old Blue and, in fact, Jerry estimates that fully one-third of Little Irvy's paying audience is really more interested in getting a closer look at the truck. Little Irvy himself has been named an honorary Teamster.

Jerry Malone began life as an Okie, born in 1930. Destitute, his family came west from Apache, Okla., in 1936—with 13 in the car—and the whole way Jerry took turns with his cousin Odell sitting on the cookie jar that held a good bit of the family's sustenance for the trip. The Malones settled in California's San Joaquin Valley, in Corcoran, and the first morning there Jerry's father started walking, knocking on every door, asking for work. Three miles down the road he got a job cleaning out chicken coops. From the age of 7, Jerry spent his summers getting up before dawn and, with the other members of his family, picking prunes for 2¢ a 50-pound box until twilight and exhaustion. Eleven years after they had arrived in Corcoran, Mr. Malone—who had progressed to digging cesspools, carpentry and contracting—was able to buy the same prune patch his family had worked for so long.

Jerry started slowly; he quit school to work when still in the 10th grade; he was married at 19, a child was soon on the way and then he went into the Navy. Before he was discharged, though, he talked a loan company into setting him up in a trailer rental business in San Diego. It failed when a larger rental firm moved across the street, just as there were to follow a succession of car enterprises that were all signal in their auspicious debuts and dismal conclusions.

"Some guys called me a loser," Jerry says, "but the same guys who did always wanted me to come to work selling for them whenever I went under. Sure, I went broke a lot but I knew how to go broke just right. I never went bankrupt, and I could have, it's the easy way. And I learned things from going broke. You learn or you quit, you die. I think a lot of people have become the biggest successes because they did go broke once."



In the ticket booth Jerry's proprietors await the shower of coins.

"The trouble was, I could never get an edge. I was always operating on borrowed money, so I could never get far enough ahead before something would happen. But I'll tell you one thing. I don't ever think it's a crying shame to go broke in America. It's a crying shame only if you stay broke in America."

The trouble with Jerry Malone was that he was never satisfied working for someone else, even though he was an outstanding salesman and made a good living at it. But financial independence always meant more than financial security; he was a capitalist, pure and simple. And he could sell a bank or a loan company on a scheme almost as easily as he could sell used cars.

Jerry came to the whale business relatively late in life and, indeed, he is still known in his new trade as a "JCL," a Johnny-come-lately. Bald and 39 now, with three teenage daughters from that first marriage that ended in divorce, he has had experience as, among other things, a farmer, a school bus driver, a bartender, an automobile racing driver, a maitre d', but mostly as Jerry Malone, used-car dealer. There was Jerry's Auto Sales, M&M Auto Sales ("Our cars melt in your heart, not in your hands"), The Wild Irishman, Auto Liquidators. Jerry Malone sold a purple Edsel once.

It all fits in: Malone grew up as part of the first generation to have clearly exhibited greater admiration for the speed, show and breeding of mechanized vehicles than for

animals. And nowadays, too often, Jerry is less celebrated as the man who owns Little Ivy and created the whole scheme, than as the man who drives that gorgeous Kenworth. A frozen whale inside? It might just as well be a gay load of lettuce or strawberries.

Indeed, though he has been involved with motor vehicles all his life, Malone admits that even he was awed by the growing mystique of truck and trucker. "When I was getting started with the whole idea," he says, "getting money, getting my whale—all that was only a challenge. There was only one thing that worried me and that was whether I could handle the truck."

He laid on the Jake brake down a steep incline. "Now, here's what I'm going to do next," he said. He was really excited, and the red was coming to his face. "I am having the first drag truck built, the first one. Just the cab, and it will be something. I'm calling it The Boss Truck of America, and it will be all red, white and blue. The whole frame will be chrome, and nobody's ever done this in the history of the world. \$4,000 in paint and upholstery, \$6,000 in chrome and, remember, this is just the cab. More than 600 horses, a V-12 Jimmy diesel engine with Allison automatic transmission instead of gearboxes. It'll weigh nine tons, and when I drag—get this—it'll need special chutes coming out the back to stop me. There's about 1,500 fairs in the U.S. and Canada, and I can play auto shows and trade shows, and when I come roaring out of there, red, white and blue, I can hear it now, that announcer saying, 'Hang on with Malone, ladies and gentlemen, because here he comes in The Boss Truck of America!'"

There was a knock on the camper door, and Jerry got up to answer it. The man standing there was perhaps a few years younger than Malone, a well-built, healthy-looking fellow with his wife and daughter. Jerry recognized him, the man, who said his name was Carl Perleberg, had stopped him earlier to talk about the truck. "It's a good show inside," he said. "We liked it."

"Thank you," Jerry said.

Perleberg is an apple grower in Quincy, Wash. He had come out there from Fort Lee, N.J., because outdoors was the life he wanted. His wife worked and he moonlighted when they first arrived in the Northwest, and they saved enough to buy some land and plant 9,000 apple trees five years ago. Perleberg kept putting his profits into more orchards, and this year he cultivated 170,000 apple trees.

"Yes, it was a good show," Perleberg said, "but you know what really impresses me?"

"No," Jerry said.

"What I like most is the idea," Perleberg said. "It means something to me that if a man wants to catch a whale and cart it around this country, he can get the money and do it. Take off, live a free life, show the whale, and in the end I guess you end up giving more to Uncle Sam than I do. Now, that's all good. There's something

—CHRIS KAMM



continued

very good about that. If this were some Communist country, I guess you would need an act of Congress to do a crazy thing like this."

"If they have a Congress," Jerry said.

"Right. Well, I know you're busy but I just wanted to say thanks, because I enjoyed this and I like the truck, and most of all because I kept thinking that what you are, carrying a whale around—you are a perfect example of the free enterprise system of this country."

Jerry nodded bashfully at the grandeur in that, and the men shook hands and, when Perleberg left, Jerry mused on how growing apples and trucking a dead whale around weren't all that different. It was both a case of wanting and trying, improving and expanding. Americans of Malone's age have been shaped by the sharpest of contradictory economic experiences—first, growing up in the harsh, sore days of Depression and then suddenly being tossed on the labor market at the instant of boom when all of the rules of a childhood are out the window.

The generation is hybrid, related neither to those who came before with Calvinistic devotion to long hours and frugality, nor to those who followed, who have known only affluence and the leisure and idealism it affords. Instead the Malones believe, on the one hand, in the honor of good, old-fashioned employment and, on the other, in raking the fruits of all that on speculative home runs. Hard work, easy money. You really must work for yourself if you are to manage as an apostle of these twin faiths.

Malone has always been an overextender. The Little Ivy scheme did not just happen. It sort of took shape in the marvelous sequence of Jerry's life and, as soon as the whale business began to look successful, Malone was promptly off spreading himself thin again.

Rambling in some disorder, he explains: "See, here's what happened. First I had bought these two cute little Casey Jones trains, kiddie rides, and then I bought a trailer and put a monkey circus in it," says Jerry, getting started. "I brought in an artist from Albuquerque, and many people said he painted the most beautiful trailer they'd ever seen. I bought 10 monkeys, bars, rings—everything for the kids—and then I got Eric Rasmussen, who has the most successful Arabian Giantess in the business, and, also, everyone thinks he does the best belly. And he was great. He gave it all this stuff on a recording about how this one monkey shaves and that other one does something else like that, but even with this and the trailer front it just never caught on. Because, like Charlotte had told me, what do I know about monkey circuses?"

"Not only that, though, but then in Phoenix I saw a friend, Mr. Kelly, and the world's largest alligator, but his alligator just died, so he gave me a good price on his trailer, and I fixed it up and put two seals in there. So you see, by then I had two Casey Jones trains and two trailers.

"But what I found was that a show can't work just

with a beautiful paint job. People want beautiful equipment, like the truck. I had to do something. I sold the two Casey Jones trains. Then I was down in L.A. and I ran across this guy doing shopping centers named Bebe the Clown. We made a deal and I took my monkey circus trailer and fixed it up different inside with a little theater and pillows all over the floor for the children. Then I got Bebe to change his name to Macaroni and we bought a St. Bernard dog and called him Noodles—so now you got Macaroni and his friend Noodles, and maybe we can find a spaghetti company somewhere to work something out with. Macaroni shows movies and jokes with the kids. It's going very well. There's a lot of shopping centers in L.A.

"I've still got the seal trailer setting back in Visalia. We had a fire and one of the seals was killed, and the other I put in a friend's pool in Bakersfield, and it was stolen out of there. Now I'll be damned if I can figure out who would want to steal a seal in Bakersfield, California, but they did. Now the trailer in Visalia, the trouble was, it was never meant to be a seal trailer. That was my mistake, but it'll sell because a lot of guys know I got it and, if you do have the world's largest alligator, it is perfect for that."

Charlotte was with Jerry that day in 1964 when they visited an aquarium and he first got the idea of freezing a whale. Increasingly intrigued, Malone performed his own market research at truck cafés. He would sit down at a counter, order coffee and say, to no one in particular: "I saw the damndest thing today." Then he would drink the coffee, until at last someone could stand it no longer and ask him what, in fact, he had seen.

"I saw a whale, a 20-ton whale, frozen in a truck. Would you pay to see a thing like that?" Better than a third of those interviewed in this unique random survey allowed as how they would. Jerry figured that was potentially 75 million Americans times 35¢.

Malone's car lot(s) had folded by then and he was married and making \$1,575 a month in commissions selling cars on the lot of a close friend, George Zarouanian. Finally, he gave Zarouanian notice and told him he was going after his whale full-time. "It's crazy," Zarouanian said.

"Crazy things work these days, George," Jerry replied. By now, Jerry had already named his future whale after an uncle, Irv Mulanax, the other half of M&M Auto Sales and various other defunct ventures. Jerry bought business cards with gold-leaf lettering and headed out in search of investors. Potential dead-whale angels, however, remained more prone to place their savings in convertible bonds, the American Stock Exchange and other such investments, and Zarouanian pleaded with Malone to come back.

Finally, he made a proposal. If Malone could march cold into three shopping centers (selected by Zarouanian) and sell them all on the idea of booking a frozen whale, he, George Zarouanian, would co-sign the loan. When the

third straight shopping center went for Jerry's pitch, Zarounian—who, it is said in Visalia, resembles Gilbert Roland—leaned back in his chair, sighed in exasperation, lit up a Bering cigar and said: "Well, I guess I'm in the whale business." Stunned but game, the United California Bank approved the loan application.

The risk on Zarounian's part was considerable. There was no guarantee, first of all, that Malone could even get a whale to put into his \$80,000 truck, which he was already committed for. There is only one U.S. whaling station, at Point Richmond, Calif. Malone had to get permission from the Department of the Interior before dealing with the whalers, who had little margin for error themselves. There is a \$10,000 fine for harpooning a sperm whale under a 35-foot minimum, and Malone could not fit one in his truck if it was more than 40 feet or 21 tons. Besides, even at that point, some cryogenics experts that Malone consulted said they didn't think he could freeze a 20-ton whale anyway.

On June 30, 1967, Malone was already out \$100,000, with no whale and no assurance he could keep it from deteriorating even if he had it. On July 1, after almost two months of searching the Pacific, the whaler *Alon Cody* harpooned Little Irvy; on July 2 he was at Point Richmond, and on Saturday, July 8 he was frozen solid. Nobody real-

ly was bothered with the detail that Little Irvy had turned out to be a girl whale.

Little Irvy was still caked in ice when they finished cleaning up the truck that night about 7 o'clock. Malone had somehow obtained the rare permission to bring his traveling exhibit to Fisherman's Wharf, and Uncle Irvy Mulanax allowed as how they could open up bright and early Monday morning with his namesake. "Are you kidding?" Jerry asked. "Two years I've been working on this and I'm going to wait two more days?"

He and Charlotte were parked and setting up for customers by 9 o'clock. At this point they inventoried, and between them their resources totaled one nickel and four pennies—9¢. Charlotte worked the entrance and Jerry went inside and started explaining about Little Irvy to the patrons, because, of course, they had no recording set up yet.

After an hour or so Jerry's voice was wearing thin from the lecturing, so he walked down the steps to Charlotte. They had already welcomed their first 100 paying customers, so Jerry kissed her and took a couple bucks from her and walked over to a bar. The bartender came around and Jerry said: "Give me a tall VO and water." The bartender started to mix the drink, and Jerry put both dollars on the counter and said: "Make that a double, because you can call me Mr. Success."

END



Whale Owner Malone, with Charlotte, bends a look of pure love on Little Irvy. "I've thought about him so much, it seems like he is part of me."

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BEVDELE BASHING—Trading the 35-day National Championships in Detroit, AUDREY McELMURRY of La Jolla, Calif., won women's overall champion, JACKIE DREYER of Pasadena, Calif., the intermediate girls' winner. GARY CAMPBELL of Pasadena, Calif., the senior boys' and NEDDY SALLADANA of the Gardens, N.Y., the intermediate boys' champs. The three new events were won by JACKIE SIMES of Long MacArthur, Calif. (10-mile), TIM MONTGOMERY of Stuyvesant High, Calif. (1,000-meter), JOHN VAN DEVELLE of Lake Elsinore, Calif. (10,000-meter). A men's overall title was not awarded.

BOATING—PETER RITTMAN of Miami won the 275-horsepower New York Grand Prix for middle powerboats in American Bay (page 44).

FOOTBALL—Touch in the first half, made in the second, the World Champion NEW YORK JETS edged the College All Stars 24-24 at Chicago's Soldier Field, making full use of the talents of the recently acquired Joe Namath (page 12).

Two more winners figured in the week's action. Unseeded Madita Lusk of San Jose defeated a Jack Connors team to set up a showdown at the WASHINGTON Redskins home the Chicago Bears 13-7 under the coaching of the unseeded Vince Lombardi in interleague games. Quarterbacks made the difference in the BALTIMORE Colts and back a tie at the AFL's Golden State 26-0, while MINNESOTA whopped Miami 45-10. Johnny Upton completed seven of eight passes for 86 yards in the first half, while Earl Mount led the Colts to two touchdowns in the first and last quarters. In Tampa the Dolphins took a 10-point lead in the first quarter, but Joe Kapp inspired the Vikings to 24 in the second, and backup quarterback Dan Fouts and Bob Lee were responsible for two more Viking touchdowns. In the AFL KANSAS CITY gained some revenge in championship round Oakland-Jen Sterner led their field goal and the Chiefs won 23-13. HOLISTON rolled over Buffalo (and lost) 24-7 leading the Bills to 23 yards rushing. Linebacker Mario Scrimminger intercepted two Don Trull passes, but Jack Kemp could only convert one in a score, on a 16-yard pass to Lloyd Pass. The Oilers, meanwhile, managed a score in every quarter and one interception. Linebacker George Webster in the one other game ATLANTA managed a rare high score 19-0, but it was the Georgia rookies who did it against the Atlanta Hawks of the Continental League. Jeff Starnes of Mississippi Valley College and Dicky Lyons from Kentucky each scored two touchdowns, and the defense never let the Hawks pass the Fairless 25-yard line.

GOLF—FRANK BEARD scored up with a hyde and a 13-under-par 275 to win the \$200,000 Western Classic at Harrison, N.Y., richest tournament of the season, in a stroke over 20-year-old Bert Lawrence of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Dan Sabet bagged the last hole for finish two strokes back in third. Beard, who declared, "Giving contentment is the most important thing in golf," had rounds of 69, 72, 67 and 67.

SANDRA SPUZICH of Indianapolis won the \$200,000 Backlog Savings Invitational in Columbus with a 21, three strokes ahead of Betty Rankin. It was Sandra's first LPGA victory since the 1966 National Open.

HORSE RACING—NEVILLE PRIDE, driven by Stanley Durrant, equaled off a sweep of the Windy-bury Futurity with a world record of 2:07.5, in the mile-and-a-half \$80,000 Redefinition Turf at Roosevelt Raceway, taking the race by five lengths over Master Yankee. The record set 115 seconds off the old one, set by Perfect Fright in the 1964 Redefinition.

HORSE RACING—AL HATTAB (13-40), upstaged in a field of nine, won the \$100,000 Moonlight Invitational Handicap by two lengths over Don Ed's Blonky Belmont in the Acta and Lenora, the favorite, was scratched just prior to the 1 1/4-mile race for 3-year-olds.

In two other races with trouble purses, TAMPA TRIGLBLE (53-20), ridden by Barker Fong, won the \$11,000 Benjamin F. Lindner Handicap at Chicago's Arlington Park by 2 1/2 lengths over even-money favorite Equinox, and BLAKE (20-20) won the \$114,100 Delaware Handicap when another Ghent (Arlington) saddle was scratched. Ghent, ridden by Johnny Rocco, took the 1 1/4-mile race for fillies and maidens by 4 1/2 lengths over Donnie Regle.

At Saratoga, favored VERBATINE (53-80) took the mud stakes race of the season by five lengths over Tropic King in the 42nd \$35,000 Whitney.

MOTOR RACING—Whispering a Bushmaster, Belgian JACKY JENKINS drove to victory in the Grand Prix at the Nürburgring, ousting the favorite Jackie Stewart of Scotland—remains leader in world championship points—and finishing with a 1:01.41 mph average speed and one lap ahead of 744-2. Only four of the 12 starters finished the Formula 1 event.

TENNIS—BRITAIN, led by southpaw Mark Cox 6-1, 10-18, 3-6, 6-2 triumph over Jack Edson, Wimbledon, defeated Beard and entered the Davis Cup Inter-Zone Final for the first time since World War II. The victory—played at Wimbledon, where each

a late Cup match has not been held for 32 years—will put Britain up against Russia next week to decide which will challenge the U.S. at Cleveland in September. British squad members are Cox, Peter Curtis and Graham Snel-lall.

Third-seeded STAN SMITH of Pasadena, Calif. defeated fellow Davis Cupper and second-seeded Cliff Grubbier of New York to win the Eastern Grass Courts Championship at South Orange, N.J. 6-1, 6-4, 6-4. It was the fourth straight year that Grubbier was runner-up.

TOM OKKER of The Netherlands won the Dutch championship when he topped Ewaldus's Beutz Taylor 10-8 7-5, 6-4, 6-2. Betty Muller of Australia won the women's title 6-1, 7-6, 6-4 over Karen Krawinkel.

WATER SKIING—Skimming a 52-mile course from Long Beach to Catalina Island, two young Californians set new records in the Grand National TIM GUYLER, 22, of Gardena finished first in 1:04.14, making one second off the mark set in 1963, and SALLY VOLUNGER, 18, of Haverhill Heights, captured the women's division in 1:21.40, beating the 1961 record by 8.20.

WRESTLING—CAROL AD-Adams, once a RICK MULLIN, a Purdue University senior by a name named DONNA SUE CADGER. The two were married in Lebanon, Ind.

RETIRED—By International Olympic Committee President AVEREY BRUNDAGE, 82, has he was still determined to keep amateur sports out of Olympic competition. The reformation came after Don Hovell, the British amateur for soccer, produced one genius by 1960.

DIED—JIMMY MAIBEN, 71, a popular player of the post-World War I days in New York City, died of a favorite with the C. V. Whitney and August Belmont uncles. Maiben rode Gallant Fox, T. Termination, Age Kher and the late Miss Kher's sentimental favorite, Satoras.

DIED—FLINT RIEM, 66, for 12 years a pitcher under the National League, in Green, S.C. Rieman hit a 107.07 record over his career, which the record for the St. Louis Cardinals in 1934, 1937, and 1938, the Philadelphia Phillies in 1932-33 and the Boston Braves in 1934-35.

KILLED—MOSES SOLANO, 38, a veteran of Formula 1 and stock car racing and one of Mexico's leading race drivers, died when his McLaren-Corva crashed and burned during the Valle de Mexico-Benevolence Hill Climb near Mexico City.

CARDS

10—Harry Green 12—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 14—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 15—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 16—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 17—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 18—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 19—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 20—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 21—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 22—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 23—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 24—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 25—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 26—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 27—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 28—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 29—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 30—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 31—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 32—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 33—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 34—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 35—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 36—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 37—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 38—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 39—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 40—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 41—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 42—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 43—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 44—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 45—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 46—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 47—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 48—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 49—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 50—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 51—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 52—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 53—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 54—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 55—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 56—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 57—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 58—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 59—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 60—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 61—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 62—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 63—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 64—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 65—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 66—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 67—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 68—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 69—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 70—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 71—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 72—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 73—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 74—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 75—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 76—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 77—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 78—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 79—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 80—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 81—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 82—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 83—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 84—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 85—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 86—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 87—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 88—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 89—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 90—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 91—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 92—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 93—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 94—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 95—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 96—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 97—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 98—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 99—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer 100—Hitting Equipment Manufacturer

FACES IN THE CROWD



BILL FITZGERALD, 45, a systems analyst from Palos Verdes, Calif., won the 440 (52.3), 880 (14.01), mile (4:37), anchored winning mile and two-mile relay teams—and added it up to take the outstanding athletic title at the U.S. Masters Track Meet in San Diego.



JAMIE SMOKER, 12, of Mount Vernon, N.Y., who discovered judo at 6, scored opponent Chuck Eastman with a left shoulder throw and won his second consecutive junior-age group national championship by unanimous decision in the finals of the meet in Detroit.



RAY BRESNAHAN, a Weymouth, Mass. Little League, competed against a team coached by his father in the championship tournament. Ray has two brothers to help beat dad's boys, then shared a perfect game to shut out another club—but his team lost the finals.



LORI MEYER, 10, who watched her dad and brother at tag-team wrestling events around Oshkosh, Wis., tried it herself—and in six months became one of the youngest to hit 25 straight targets at 16 yards in the state meet at Waukegan en route to an All-Iowa record.



PEGGY STEADING, 33, Odessa, Texas housewife who averaged 15.4 points toward her team's 14-0 basketball year, pitched her softball team to an 18-0 season—including seven shutouts and two one-run games (each on an error). She also is a tennis whiz.



WAYNE JACOBS, of Dover, Pa., a sophomore at the University of Maryland, became the first golfer to win Pennsylvania's Public Links championship three years in a row when he posted a 72-hole total of 293 at Hershey Park to outplay a field of 214.

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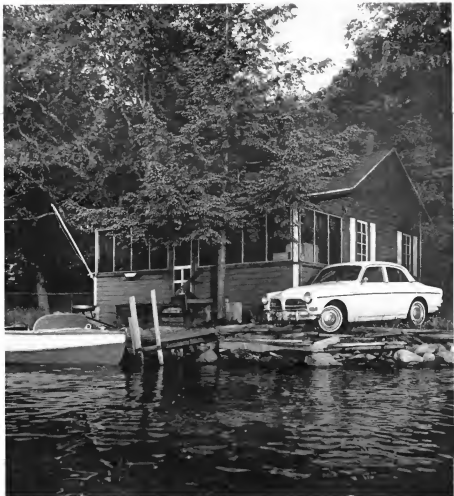
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Leo Durocher's secret meeting with Cub Owner Phil Wrigley lasted just 10 minutes. Wrigley had called the *je-ne-sais-be* because Durocher had left the team complaining of stomach trouble during a day game with the Dodgers and then had appeared the next evening in apparent good health at his stepson's boys camp in Wisconsin. There were even some who believed Wrigley might like The Lip, but Wrigley was satisfied. "We just had our signals crossed," the owner said after hearing Leo's explanation. Durocher returned to the dugout and put Randy Hundley and Ernie Banks on the bench for a rest of their own. When they returned the following day against the Giants, Hundley and Banks both hit homers and drove in five runs between them. After the game Banks had yet another of his effervescent messages for his Chicago (5-2) teammates. He presented them with a sign that read: "WAKE UP! FACE MORNING WITH A SMILE!" SERP WITH A HANDER IN YOUR SIGHT! Still smiling, but still trying to catch the Cubs, was St. Louis (5-1). Bob Gibson celebrated the 10th anniversary of his first major league victory by pitching a five-hitter against the Padres' Richie Allen, back in baseball after a celebrated retirement, was based in Philadelphia (7-4). Allen retaliated by first blowing home to the crowd and then by hitting two home runs to beat the Braves 4-1. New York (3-3) began to worry when it lost three straight to the Astros and fell six games behind the Cubs. Bob Yagle of Pittsburgh (4-1) completed his first game in 22 starts and Bo Beltsky got in his first major league game in 22 months. After making a line 12-5 record including nine consecutive wins in Hawaii. Bo was bought by the Ph

rates. He was disappointing, though, in his return appearance, giving up two runs at six in many innings. Montreal (11-6) regained the honor of having the worst record among the four expansion teams. There were memorable home runs hit all over the Western Division. The Braves' Henry Aaron passed Mickey Vernon on the career list with number 537.

"Now I'm shooting for second," Aaron said. "Ruth looks a long way off to me." It was memorable, but equally exciting, was Bob Tilton's performance during the same game. Tilton, who describes his last five years in the majors as "catch a little and sit around a lot," hit homers his first three times at the plate. A fourth would have tied the major league record shared by nine players. "I wanted it more than anything," Tilton said. He swung at a 3-0 pitch and popped out to the catcher. Despite the long-hall dramatics, Atlanta (2-5) dropped out of first place. Willie McCovey hit three home runs for San Francisco (4-3) and one was his 300th since putting on a Giant uniform in 1959. But Juan Marchal lost his third start since the All-Star break. Even with his tandem grand slams, the Los Angeles (6-1) needed excellent pitching to keep its winning streak alive. Tom Griffin's four-hitter defeated the Mets' Tom Seaver 2-0, and Fred Gladding recorded his 23rd save of the year, a club record, in a 5-3 win over the Expos. There was help last from the pitching staff in Cincinnati (5-1). Jim Merritt and Gerry Arrigo had impressive four- and six-hit victories and Jim Maloney hit his second homer of the season. Then the hitters took over again with a vengeance to carry the Reds into the league lead. They got 19 runs, 24 hits and four home runs to edge out the powder-puff Phillies, who managed only 14 runs, 21 hits and

three home runs. Los Angeles (5-2) rebounded into fourth place with an old Dodger problem: Lack of power. Bill Sudakis hit the team's only home run. About all San Diego (0-6) Manager Preston Gomez could claim was that he got plenty of exercise last week, walking to the mound. He used 18 pitchers in five games.

Standings—East: Cin 67-41, NY 58-46, StL 57-50, Pitt 54-52, Phil 43-67, Mil 34-75, Wash 30-84-1, SF 38-69, Atl 30-69, LA 53-68, Hou 52-50, SD 34-78.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Orioles' Dave McNally and his 17 consecutive victories was the topic of baseball last week, even on the floor of the Senate. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield concluded a speech on McNally, who just happens to have been his home state of Montana, by saying, "We are inflicting every game with trepidation." After losing the 12-year-old record with a 4-2 win against Kansas City earlier in the week, McNally's streak ended in Minnesota with his first defeat since last September. Baltimore (14-2) extended its lead in the East to 14 games, but neither manager nor star were suffering from lethargy. Earl Weaver was thrown out of two games with the 14 wins, and the second time around Frank Robinson kept him computer in the locker room. Also removed from a game was Boston's (2-5) Carl Yastrzemski. With two runs in and two out in the Red Sox half of the first inning, George Scott hit a slow roller that should have scored Yaz from third. He was thrown out at the plate. Manager Dick Williams benched the former ample-crown winner and topped that with a \$500 penalty for not hustling. It was the first fine in Yastrzemski's eight-year major league career. "I was shocked when my run-

HIGHLIGHT

The Astros were 1-0 in April, but then it was 1-0 for the month. The Red Sox 2100 right now. First Rosemont Col. Beltsky told Sportswriter Joe Heilberg, "I'll be the Western Division. Put up your money." "Well you take an IDU!" Heilberg asked. "I've got you 100 on me." But Beltsky wanted cash on the barrel so he was never made. Heilberg was lucky. At the close of last week, Beltsky and his teammates were enjoying an eight game winning streak. Of course they were still in next to last place in the Western Division, but they needed the first place Reds by only two games and no fifth place team had ever been that close to the top in April. The Astros were an only back in contention for this year's history. In the ninth inning of the first game of a doubleheader against the Mets, the bases were loaded with one out. Shortstop Denis Munck hit a flyball into the seats. With two out, the

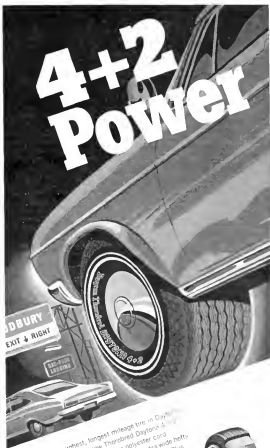
Mets' Pitcher Rusty Frazier pitched a slider low and away, and the Los Angeles pulled the ball over the left field fence. It was 10-0 after one. National League teammates had ever starred in the work around and Harrison Kilgus and Bill Almon of the Twins, still the only American League to have accomplished the feat. Between games, Worn turned himself that night. Rusty Frazier had recently given the pitchers' watchatches for establishing a league record with seven double plays. "If he is looking at the double play," Frazier called the locker room saying that two more watches were on the way. Shortstop Menke then made a request. "I've already got a watch for the double play. If you will, I'd like to have a lady's watch this time for my wife Jean. Then Menke, Worn and Co. went back out onto the field and scored 10 runs in the third inning. After the game, Beltsky was Heilberg and grinned.



WENKE: WATCH FOR A SLAM

ing was questioned in the dugout," he said. "I thought I was running as hard as I could." Since the incident occurred, resentment has heightened between Williams and his players. Another feud, this one between Mackey Lohs and Denny McLain, has been resolved. But the two Detroit (3-4) pitchers still had their troubles on the field, losing a doubleheader to the Twins. Washington (4-2) won for Ted Williams with late-inning rallies. Frank Howard went 3 for 5 in one game, including a ninth-inning homer—his 15th of the season. The two Yankees who can still remember what it was like fighting for a pennant, Mel Stottlemyre and Joe Pepitone, were frustrated by lack of support from newer Yankees. Stottlemyre pitched another complete game—he leads the majors with 18—but lost to the A's. Despite Pepitone's two hits, one his 20th home run, New York (4-2) lost again to the A's. Cleveland (4-3) tried to dig its way out of the cellar, hitting .280 for the week. The mystery of the missing fans continues in Oakland (5-2). Reggie Jackson hits home runs, and the A's are within three games of the Western Division lead, and yet attendance is down 150,000 from last year. Jackson defeated the Yankees with his 40th homer of the year and then tied the Red Sox in the last of the ninth with number 41. Minnesota (5-2), in a likely preview of the league's divisional playoff, won two of a three-game series with Baltimore. Harmon Killebrew lifted his RBI total to an even 100 with his 19th home run, and Rod Carew continued to lead the league with a .368 batting average. But what the fans in the Twin Cities—who have seen their team win 21 of its last 25 home games—really enjoyed was Rich Reese's spoiler. He ended McNally's streak with a pinch-hit grand slam in the seventh inning of the rubber game of the series. With leading hitter Mike Hegan still ailing, all Seattle (1-5) could hope for was stolen bases from Tommy Harper, the league leader with 49. But Harper was restrained to the dugout by his .214 average. The last of the original Angels, Jim Fregoso, hit a triple and a home run as California's (3-3) Andy Messersmith threw a four-hitter. When Al Lopez managed the White Sox, he had difficulty eating and drank a lot of milk. Watching Chicago (2-5) has had a reverse effect on Lopez's replacement, Don Gutteridge. "They're driving me to eat," he says. "When things are going bad, and they're not going too good right now, I just want to go somewhere to eat." One meal was delayed when the Sox got lost on a bus ride to a Cleveland hotel. While the driver was harassed by the irate athletes, Gutteridge said quietly, "Hang in there, busse. We'll make it somehow." His reference was to the hotel, not the pennant.

Standings—East: Balt. 73-23, Det. 58-46, Bos. 58-49, Wash. 36-55, NY 32-56, Cleve. 41-66, Phil. 36-61, Pitt. 31-71, KC 44-62, Sea 43-67, Cal 41-63, Chi 42-65.



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VINCIBILITY

Sirs,

My two sons and I just returned a week ago from a very successful fishing trip at Great Bear Lake. On Sunday I shot almost a par round of golf (not counting the hole I picked up on) and, in the meantime, I witnessed a walk on the moon by the astronauts and their safe return to earth. This morning I went to work feeling a little bit despondent. All I had to look forward to now was work. Certainly anything else that could happen would be anticlimactic.

Then I picked up the July 28 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and began to read the article on Vince Lombardi by John Underwood (*We're Going to Win—You Better Believe It*). This story about a coach and his team kindled my enthusiasm to an emotional outburst of laughter until my sides hurt, about Len Hauss and his sudden urge for push-ups, and Ray McDonald's determination to prove he could withstand the pain. My emotions changed to tears, when Sonny Jurgensen began to see himself for the first time.

Yes, today is another day and there is more to it than just drudgery; John Underwood has seen to that.

FRED T. LOVING, JR.

Crummies, Ky.

Sirs,

The Redskins' "Just because Vince Lombardi is there doesn't mean that they're going to be great this year. Look at their '68 statistics. Their defense was pitiful. You can't say much about their offense either. An unfinished puzzle is what they are. People say to watch them this year. Well, I'm watching. I'm watching."

ANDREW KIMBLE

Norwalk, Conn.

ON THE RUN

Sirs,

Just concluded Tex Maule's article *A Jog for Dear Life* (July 28). I solved the embarrassment of a fat man jogging around the great outdoors. I designed a course that starts in my living room, goes through the kitchen, then the family room and down a hallway to reenter the living room.

I also have my wife involved. She sits in the kitchen and, at the end of every 15th lap, hands me a can of beer as I pass. On the 25th lap she brings out platters of cold cuts, chicken and whatever can be handily grabbed en route.

Since my doctor suggested this program two years ago, my weight has gone from 187 to 236. I am 5' 8".

BOB CORBETT

Roseville, Calif.

Sirs,

That has to be the best article Tex Maule has ever written. You don't suppose he's taken up jogging to escape all of his AFL enemies, do you?

RICK HEVING

Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs,

For some unaccountable reason Tex Maule's report on jogging fails to mention Dr. Thomas K. Cureton, director of the University of Illinois Physical Education Research Laboratory, who has probably done more to promote physical fitness generally than anyone else in the world.

Maule says, "Probably the two foremost experts on the rehabilitation of heart patients by exercise are Dr. Herman Hellestein of Western Reserve University in Cleveland and Viktor Gottheimer of Tel Aviv." In SI of Sept. 21, 1964, George Cronzer wrote "Dr. Hellestein used to be as cautious and skeptical as any. Now he is an ardent advocate of the testing of more radical rehabilitation methods. What converted [him] was the discovery that one of his patients was also enrolled in a 'continuous movement' program following the Curcison doctrine, at Cleveland's Central YMCA, and was suffering no ill effects."

Because Dr. Curcison preaches that age is no barrier, I started jogging at the age of 66, and at 72 I am still jogging and running from 2½ to three miles a day.

ROBERT T. HIRZ

Dallas

Sirs,

I would like to correct the statement, "Lieberman believes strongly in jogging in place." This is wrong, it tenses the muscles. In all my pamphlets I advocate moving while jogging. When in a room, jog in a circle or back and forth. Jogging indoors gives the same results as jogging on the road or in the countryside. You convert distance into time—10 minutes equals one mile.

SEYMUR LIEBERMAN

Houston

ED AND ERNIE

Sirs:

As a devout baseball fan, I have been delighted all year long by the New York Mets' sudden rise to respectability. Still, I was disturbed by certain aspects of the Mets' story as told in SI (*The Mets Go Ramp in the Light of Day*, July 28). A ball club can become successful only by combining excellence on the playing field with good sportsmanship. Since the Mets are a young team, unused to success, certain indiscretions are excusable, especially in the light of Ron San-

to's recent remarks. However, I was greatly distressed by Ed Kranepool's cruel mocking of Ernie Banks, the one man who best exemplifies everything admirable in sport and in life. For 17 years Banks has brought joy, enthusiasm and professional excellence to countless fans. When the Mets can bring to baseball anything near what Ernie Banks has, then they will be a great team.

WILLIAM MCKENNA

Jenkintown, Pa.

Sirs,

The fact that Ed Kranepool, ersatz fence crasher for the "amazing Mets," will never reach Ernie's lofty plateau of 490 homers, 1,563 RBIs and two MVP selections is superfluous. The real difference between the two is that Ernie Banks will be on the steps of the dugout smiling and singing. "What a beautiful day to play baseball" no matter what team has a three-game lead.

ARTHUR SHERER JR.

Chicago

IRELAND AFTER DE GAULLE

Sirs,

Pat Ryan's article (*Le Grand Charles Slept Here*, July 28), showing how General de Gaulle's visit to Ireland brought a great influx of tourists to that country, is truly a masterpiece of its kind. The author has the rare gift of making each locale live for the reader, either through description or anecdote or both, with the article's overall atmosphere as distinctly Irish as the shamrock.

G. M. W. KIBBEL

New York City

Sirs:

I thought your story of General de Gaulle's travels through Ireland did justice to the country (and to de Gaulle), but I thought you might like to know that Richard Stanford, the Heron Cove proprietor during the general's visit, looked over his shoulder, saw the bullfinch at his front door and departed in late July. Unless things have changed since then, any tourists who wish to follow Le Grand Charles' travels will have to bypass his first stop. A sign on the gate at Heron Cove says CLOSED TODAY.

JOHN HORGAN

Dublin

ROUTE AND VICTORIES

Sirs:

Cutty Kirkpatrick does an injustice to Christy O'Connor in his report of the British Open (*Liese Lord of Golf*, July 21) when he states that the 44-year-old Christy is "a Dublin veteran of as many drinking bouts and clubhouse scuffles as he is of British tournaments." O'Connor's bouts are legendary.

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and few. His victories on the British circuit are numerous.

Christy could be regarded as the Sam Sneed of this side of the Atlantic. He has won all the major tournaments (and many of them a number of times) except the big one.

FINDAER SLATTERY

Killarney

UP TO DATE IN DAYTON

Sirs:

I would like to compliment Anita Verschoth on a fine article on the women's AAU track and field championships (*Dayton Dolls in Dayton*, July 14). I was also impressed by the performances and the records that were set at Welcome Stadium. But I feel there has been an unjust disparagement of Dayton. Miss Verschoth obviously did not know where to find some miniskirts or swinging establishments. From my own personal experience, I can assure the nation that Dayton is not a town where "the miniskirt has yet to arrive."

I would like to invite Anita to accompany me on a tour of the Pine Club, the Colony Club, the Whisper Lounge, the King Cole, Timothy's, the Bookstore and various other hot spots the next time she is in Dayton.

ROBERT E. GOWDY, JR.

Dayton

OFFICIAL DECISION

Sirs:

I find John F. Waters' letter (19th Floor, July 21) a fine example of inaccurate, unsubstantiated generalizations. I shall leave it to stopwatches, tape measures and psychologists to determine if athletes really have gotten "swifter, larger and more intelligent." But I cannot let go unchallenged the generalization that officials remain "slow, incompetent" creatures who have fallen behind the times and who desperately need guidelines.

One Coaches All-America game does not make all officials "bad." Rather, a full season of the NFL stop-action camera seems to indicate just the opposite. I invite Mr. Waters to follow an NFL official through his arduous weekend of work. Better yet, our armchair critic may wish to attend any of the ECAC basketball clinics for its officials to see some guidelines being given and to meet a group of dedicated men neither slow nor incompetent.

All generalizations are dangerous—even that old poem which ends, "Letters are written by fools like me, but only God can referee."

EDWARD M. WARRIN

Rochester, N. Y.

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